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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

She stands in the midnight street,
In the desolate, midnight street,
Out in the whirl of the bitter blast,
And the rush of the blinding sleet.
No mantle to shield her frame,
No cover to shield her head,
Curse or blessing, 'tis all the same
To the outcast and the dead!

See! how they glimmer warm,
The lights in the corner-house;
Hark! how they ring thro' the cruel storm,
The songs of a late carouse!
Fire and food are there,
Rich jewels and silken suits,
And the laughter of women, to charm the air,
Like the gush of a hundred lutes.
While out from the rosy light,
From the wines and the viands rare,
The outcast stands in the lonely night,
Full of a dull despair!

Those rugged flags are cold,
This step is a pillow chill,
Her dress is tatter'd and thin and old,
But sleep may visit her still;
Aye! sleep which is deep and long,
With never a dream to stir,
Or wake to misery, sin or wrong,
The heart of the slumberer!

So she lays her sadly down,
Where the light and the music come,
The storm beats over her tresses brown,
Her limbs grow stiff and numb;
And the watchman, wandering, wet,
At day-dawn, through the snow,
Finds light and mirth in the mansion yet,
And the outcast dead below!

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ENTRE NOUS.

BY E. N. H.

Forgive me, friend, it was only in play,
I kissed your lips warmly to-day,
My heart, ever wayward and wand'ring and wild,
Was dreaming that I was a child;
Then we played we were strangers, great women and men,
Now I play we are children again,
And you are my brother, so kind and so true,
I, with sister-love, clinging to you.
Alas! for a nature so hopelessly wild—
You saw me when spring claimed her child,
How kindly she throws, around palace and tomb,
Her soft mantle of beauty and bloom,
Festooning dark rocks, now so rugged and bare,
And her wayward child claimeth a share—
Now the autumn wind calls me, with low plaintive moan,
And my throbbing heart answers its tone.
Dear breath of the "Norland," it bringeth to me
Soft whispers so wild and so free,
The years are rolled backward, I wander once more
By childhood's Elysian shore,
Rainbow-bubbles are dancing, so airy and bright,
That my eyes are be-dazzled with light,
And youth's fairy-like palaces glitter and gleam,
As icicles jewel the stream.
My pulses are quickened, affection's full tide
Brings loved ones again to my side;
Their arms are around me, their breath on my cheek,
I hear the fond words that they speak;
Ah! me, I am dreaming, what rapturous bliss,
The autumn wind brings with its kiss,
Forgive me, my heart was with childhood and play,
When I kissed you so rudely to-day.

ORIGINAL PRIZE STORY.

UNTO THE DAWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

THE HEART'S WANDERINGS.

"Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave;
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain, it shall not be its slave!" BYRON.

The cliffs, which overhung the sea, were Margaret's friends and companions. Their bold, black brows constantly reminded her of the mountain precipices amid which her childhood was passed; where she had played with the beloved brothers now lost to her.

And when the burden of grief and loneliness pressed too hardly upon her, she sought the cliffs—those harsh sympathizers—and poured out her distress.

The morning following her evening at Mrs. Peabody's, Margaret went out on the beach, and wandered for an hour up and down the glittering sands; then she grew weary of walking, and, climbing to the highest point of the rocks, she sat down, and wept silently. She was alone in the world, claiming no kindred, necessary to no human being's happinsss! A moment of weakness fell upon her, and she spent it in tears.

A step at her side startled her; an arm stole around her waist; her tears were kissed away by warm lips. She tried to free herself from the intruder, but he held her fast, while his voice trembled with deep feeling.

"You are in sorrow, Margaret; let me be your helper! Give me a husband's right to protect you from all suffering!"

The girl's heart was lonely; and she loved him. What wonder then that she forgot the well-known fickleness of man, and granting Mr. Harrington's request, was happy.

The joy of the lover was undisguised. He said to himself never was woman loved as he loved Margaret; never was wife sheltered and cherished as he would shelter and cherish her in his boundless devotion! She had known sorrow and suffering; now she should know happiness. The earth seemed too narrow to hold his satisfaction, when he thought that in a few short weeks she should be his own.

And Margaret was happy. Not wildly and passionately so, but calmly, though fearfully happy. Strangely enough, she felt not entire security in this new bliss, which had dawned upon her, but she said to herself it was only because she knew so very little of the emotions which returned love should produce.

Ah! how imperfect is human vision! How short-sighted we are at the best! How feeble is the scope of man, who, clothed in a little wisdom, fancies he looks far into the future, and sees all its deep waters, and shallow quicksands, laid out on chart before him. Let him sail over those seas in after life, and he will find his pilot powerless, his helm of reason gone—himself tossed about at the mercy of the breakers.

Mr. Harrington himself communicated the tidings of his betrothal to Mr. Effingham and his sister. Adelaide received the intelligence with warm congratulations; she was happy in the happiness of her friend. Clyde only said—

"Miss Rossmont has a right to choose for herself."

So it was settled.

For days Margaret was bathed in a sea of rapturous blessedness. Harrington was as tender and devoted as the most exacting woman could desire; he spent the greater portion of his time at the cottage, and seemed restless and unhappy when away from Margaret's presence. And but for the deep and abiding sorrow which she felt for the fate of her brothers, she would have asked for no more joy.

* * * * *

"Have you heard the news? All the guests are laughing over it! It is so ridiculous!"

Cora Peabody burst into Miss Monroe's chamber, one May morning, full of the importance of one conscious of bearing consequential tidings. Isabel turned from arranging a band of hair at the glass.

"No; I have heard nothing."

"Well, then, Eugene Harrington, the immaculate, has been and engaged himself!"

"Engaged himself!" Isabel's voice slightly trembled, but she steadied it as she spoke. "What to do? pray—"

"What to do? Oh, you incomprehensible girl! Why to be married, surely."

"Well?"

"Well? Why don't you ask me who is the fortunate one?"

"Because I think I can guess."

"Indeed! I was not aware you cherished that Yankee propensity to such perfection. Hazard it, and let me listen to her name."

"Margaret Rossmont."

"Well, of all things! If you haven't hit it! Now, isn't it a shame? He, so handsome, and talented, and wealthy, to throw himself away on that little pallid, spiritless nonentity! I protest against it!"

"Your protest will probably avail nothing, Miss Cora; but it matters not to me; leave me now, if you will, I have letters to write to my agent."

"Adieu then, *ma chere*, adieu."

Cora went dancing out of the room; Isabel locked the door behind her retreating figure. She did not set down to the letter writing, but like an enraged panther, she trod back and forth across the chamber, her eye blazing with rage, and her whole face the face of a fury.

"I might have known it from the first," she muttered between her white clenched teeth, "I might have foreseen that her milky face and baby talk would have won his heart! His is just the nature to be attracted by a thing like her! I have wealth and beauty; she has neither; why should not the more powerful triumph?"

She went to the mirror, flung back the braided wealth of her hair, and gazed upon her face. Searchingly, critically, she examined every lineament.

"It is a handsome face," she said, slowly and confidently, "it ought to be victor over a simple countenance like hers—*aye, and it shall be!* To be baffled now, when I have so long looked upon success as ultimately certain. Never! So help me, heaven! Isabel Monroe, you shall triumph yet!"

When she spoke thus, she was in earnest. Before many days Eugene Harrington acknowledged the power of her charms, as he had never done before. He had always thought her beautiful, but he had shrank back repelled by her haughty pride and the bitter sarcasm of her tongue. Now she laid aside all haughtiness; she was only a rare and lovely woman.

She had both tact and talent. She had read much, and her retentive memory enabled her to converse with intelligence and effect upon almost any topic.

She put forth all her powers of pleasing—she strained every sinew—she assumed the disguises of an angel—gentleness and truth—and she produced an effect on the hitherto invulnerable citadel of Harrington's admiration.

He was attracted to her in spite of himself. His strong love of the beautiful was satisfied, and feasted, on the wondrous symmetry of her form, and the perfect regularity and coloring of her features.

But still, in his heart, he was true to Margaret.

He admired—nay, worshipped—Isabel's beauty, but he loved Margaret's pureness of soul.

While on an equestrian excursion over the hills, he caught a severe cold, which promised to confine him for a few days to the house. He despatched a note to Margaret, informing her of his indisposition, and requesting her to come down to Mrs. Peabody's for an hour or two each day, while he was unable to go out.

The girl would gladly have been with him, but she knew that the guests at the mansion would regard it as forwardness, or an excess of devotion; she remembered the sarcastic speech of Miss Monroe, and returned a note, saying that she would wait for a sight of his face until he was well.

Harrington felt himself injured at first, but after an hour or two he concluded it was only the girl's modesty, and betook himself to a sofa, in a little parlor adjoining the library. The gentlemen guests had gone fishing; the ladies were in their chambers, taking their after dinner nap, or laying out their dresses for the evening. Harrington had just composed himself to sleep, when the door softly opened, and Isabel Monroe, with a book in her hand,, came in.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harrington; I had thought this room unoccupied. Do I disturb you?"

She looked very beautiful in her simple dress of white, with a single scarlet blossom in the blackness of hair.

"By no means, Miss Monroe. Come forward. I should much regret if I thought myself the cause of disarranging any wish of so fair a lady."

"Thank you for the kindness. I was so lonely in my room, and the other ladies are at their toilets," went on the soft voice, "but I did not think to find you here. I will go."

Her hand was on the latch; he sprang up and unclasped the white fingers.

"But you will not!" he said quickly, "you have a book in your hand, and in payment for my most gracious permission to remain, you shall read to me. What is it? Ah, Shakspeare's Kings? Indeed! not to a woman's taste, generally!"

"No," a blush stole into her cheek, "perhaps not. But I like the sinewy strength of Shakspeare's writing—the strong muscle and fibre. One gathers power from it!" Her face glowed; her eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. Harrington gazed at her with admiration.

"You are right!" he said warmly. "And now read to me."

She obeyed him; her clear, forcible voice made a kind of melody very pleasant to the ear. Her perfect conception of the author made every word and sentence plain to the understanding. He was sorry when she had finished, and was leaving the parlor. He took her hand as any attached friend might have done.

"Isabel," he said, "I thank you. You have made a dull hour pass delightfully!"

And singularly enough, he thought, the dreams of Eugene Harrington were troubled, but it was not by the face of Margaret, but by the beautiful lineaments of Isabel Monroe.

It was a fine May afternoon, and Margaret had an errand in town. As soon as dinner was over at the cottage, she tied on her simple straw bonnet, kissed little Percy, and set out for Portsmouth.

Never had the earth seemed to her so beautiful. The skies were blue with a prescience of coming June; the hills were like green emeralds; and the breezes soft as those from spicy Araby. A royal gladness filled the girl's heart, she loved, and was loved in return, a situation which makes a woman's life paradise.

Her errand detained her longer than she had anticipated; she thought it was near sunset when she set out for home. She soon saw that the gloom was increased by the heavy clouds which obscured the sky, and hung black and gloomingly over the west. She quickened her steps as the low rumble of thunder fell on her ears, and the rising wind sighed ominously in the trees.

She had just arrived in view of Mrs. Peabody's house, which was a little out of the town, when a broad flash of light illumined the sky, a sharp, stunning report shook the earth, and rain and darkness fell down together.

She hastened on; a servant at the house recognized her, and met her a few rods from the gates, with an umbrella. He sheltered her with it to the hall door, and showed her into the back parlor, where there was a fire on the hearth.

The back parlor communicated with the front by folding doors. One leaf of the door was closed, the other was open.

Margaret sat down almost immediately before a large mirror, which reflected distinctly the whole of the front parlor; but she did not notice this until she had been seated some time. The sound of voices in the other room attracted her attention; one she knew full well, the other seemed strangely familiar.

Involuntarily she glanced at the mirror; it was but too faithful, and revealed to her Mr. Harrington and Miss Monroe, sitting together on a sofa. The dark, lustrous eyes of the lady were uplifted to his; the glossy light of her curls lay on his shoulder.

A sudden flash of lightning, accompanied by a deafening peal of thunder, burst over the house; Isabel paled and trembled, and suppressed a scream. Harrington drew his arm around her; his lips were very near her forehead. She nestled closer to him, as if for protection, he could not resist the temptation. He kissed her.

The soft cheek crimsoned; the luminous eyes drooped low; the mouth grew tremulous with subdued feeling. He bent his lips to hers, urged by some mad impulse he could not restrain.

"Isabel, my darling!" he said tenderly, "is this a sin?"

"You shall be judge!" she returned, her voice quivering with emotion.

"Thus, then, I render my verdict!" he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms, and covering her face with hot kisses.

Out into the rushing rain; out in the very teeth of the raving wind, went the slight form. What had Margaret to live for now? His love lost, the last bright thing of life taken away—the star of happiness set in despair!

To the wild, wet cliffs she bent her steps, and flinging herself down at the foot of a giant rock, she lay without motion, almost without thought.

The storm cleared away, the army of dun clouds moved on to the east; the occident glowed like a belt of gold; the moon, mid-way in the heavens, lit her silver lamp; and the coming tide gurgled up on the shore.

The waters rose, and shrieked in wild glee; the salt spray dashed over her garments, but she heeded it not. The roar of the tumultuous waves was akin to the great storm of desolation which surged through her soul.

The tide leaped up right merrily; it surrounded the rock on which she lay; it cut her off from the land, and left her on an island fast becoming smaller.

The white-fringed garments of the breakers touched her face, and lifted their cool folds to caress her cheek. She felt the chill, and it aroused her to life. She stood upright and looked about her. Everywhere the wild, beautiful water, white with foam, gleaming like crystal in the serene moonlight.

The same bewitching waters had been the winding-sheet of Margaret's brothers; the same sweet, but treacherous voices, had lured them into a cold grave; why should not her funeral hymn be chaunted by the same songsters?

She lifted her hands to heaven, in a prayer for acceptance and pardon; in a plea to a merciful God that the last pang might be brief and unturturing. Then, she closed her eyes; and waiting calmly for death, felt the uplifting waves all around her, reaching out their arms for a last embrace.

A human voice—clear and distinct above the roaring of the ocean—burst on her ear. It said—

"Stand firm! You are to live!"

She looked; a form was powerfully battling the waves; a moment more, and Clyde Effingham drew her from off the rock. A strange feeling of security came over her; she resigned herself to his care without a word.

Mr. Effingham was a strong man, or he never could have reached the shore through that boiling sea. But few arms could have striven successfully against such a tide, clogged by a burden. None but a brave heart would have attempted it.

He gained the beach; the coat he had cast off when plunging into the water, lay on the sand; he wrapped it around his charge, and carrying her as easily as one might an infant, reached the cottage.

In a few words, he explained to Adelaide the circumstances. He had gone out on the cliffs himself for a breath of fresh air; he had seen and recognized Margaret in her danger; he had swam out to her and brought her ashore.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RUPTURE.

"No star goes down but climbs in other skies;
The rose of sunset folds it glory up
To burst again from out the heart of dawn;
And love is never lost, though hearts run waste—
And sorrow makes the chastened one a seer;
The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope.
And faith can trust her heaven behind the veil."
GERALD MASSEY.

It was two days before Margaret recovered from the shock given her by the scene in Mrs. Peabody's parlor; and when she was strong enough to leave her chamber, she found a message from Mr. Harrington desiring an interview. She had scarcely read the note through, when the writer entered the little sitting-room. He greeted her fondly and tenderly as ever; but his eager words of love and joy were frozen on his lips by her pale, grave face, and repelling air.

"Eugene," she said, when his congratulations on her escape from the waves had ceased, "I was in Mrs. Peabody's back parlor last Tuesday afternoon, during the storm; I saw you and Isabel Monroe together. What, think you, can be my sentiments toward you now?"

His cheek sensibly whitened, his voice was choked.

"God forgive me! Margaret, she tempted me; her beauty might make a priest forswear his vow! My senses were infatuated, but my heart, my heart was yours, Margaret, yours only! Pardon me! Smile on me once more, or I shall curse life!"

He flung himself on his knees by her side, and lifted up his hands in supplication.

"This once, Margaret! Oh, do not let our love be lost, our hopes of happiness wrecked, by my first offence! Your love should forgive me, once, if no more! Oh, Margaret, have you no more faith in my truth? I would trust you with my life to the world's end!"

"And you would be safe!" she said, solemnly. "Eugene, I have loved you with all the strength and earnestness of my heart; how have you repaid me?"

"Your pardon! your pardon! it is all I can ask! Try me, and see if I do not prove my sincerity! Will you cast me away from you, humbled and penitent as I am? Have you no mercy for one who would die for you?"

She held out her hand—

"Eugene, I forgive you; and may I never have cause to say those words again!"

He caught her in his arms, and covered lip, brow, and cheek with kisses.

"God helping me, darling, you never shall!"

Eugene Harrington meant what he said. His soul was filled with anguish at the thought of his falsity; he vowed to himself that, henceforth, the planets should not be truer to the sun than he would be to Margaret.

But who can testify to the tenor of his conduct on the morrow? Who can say, of his own strength, I will sin no more?

Margaret trusted her lover's integrity, but not entirely. There was a little space in her heart where doubt crept, and abode. She had lost the full faith which she had once felt; she knew that, perhaps, he would be tried and found wanting.

But peace and restoration to his love were sweet; and she had rather sacrifice her pride than her affection.

Harrington showed his gratitude by increased devotion, and, if possible, greater tenderness. He urgently besought to be allowed to fix upon the wedding day; he had no near relatives to consult—no future for which to wait—and Margaret somewhat reluctantly consented to be governed by his wishes. He therefore set the twentieth of August, and it was now the middle of June.

* * * * *

The guests of Mrs. Peabody, and several other young ladies and gentlemen, projected an equestrian party to Salisbury beach, and in in good season one fine June morning the cavalcade set forth. They were to pass directly by the cottage on Pilot's Rock, and Harrington cast many a glance at the windows in quest of Margaret.

The hut of Mother Reed, a fisherman's wife, lay in their way, and what was the horror of Harrington, at perceiving Margaret, *his* Margaret, in turned-up skirt, and calico sunbonnet, standing before the cot, wringing out clothes from a large tub set on a bench.

Mother Reed had sprained her wrist very severely a few days previously, and Margaret, remembering the many kindnesses she had received from the old woman, lent her a hand at her week's washing.

The girl's employment, or her attire, was not particularly *recherche*, certainly; and unfortunately, Mr. Harrington had all a wealthy Southron's dislike to seeing women performing manual labor. But this was not all; his high-born companions sneered at the washer woman, and one young buck, more aristocratically liberal than the others, declared he would engage her to get up his linen.

"It must be demmed foin coming from her hands!" he exclaimed, stroking his chin in compliment to his recently fledged beard.

Miss Monroe laughingly proposed that some one of the gentlemen should take the little washerwoman up behind him, and make her useful in preparing the chowder which they were anticipating at the beach; when noticing the black frown on Harrington's face, she looked more closely at the object of all this ridicule, and exclaimed, with a malicious triumph—

"Be quiet, good people! Yonder laundress is none other than our friend Harrington's particular *penchant*; her employment may be rustic, but her attitude is graceful and sublime. Ride forward, gracious knight, and offer her thy fealty!"

The gay party burst into a laugh; this was more than Eugene Harrington's hot pride could endure.

Margaret recognized him, and as he passed, she modestly inclined her head; he turned his face away, whipped his horse, and passed by.

The insulting laugh of the merry company floated back on the fresh air; the haughty Isabel's velvet robe trailed in a purple mass over the glossy side of her horse; Harrington rode at her bridle, and thus the party vanished from sight.

Margaret felt keenly the slight which her lover had put upon her; her heart throbbed painfully, and she leaned for support against the detestable tub. It cut her woman's pride to be thus ignored before his own set; she knew that he was ashamed to own her acquaintance and with the force of truth it burst over her that this man, who had occupied a sacred place in her heart for long years, of whom she had made an idol, lacked moral courage; was weaker than an infant in that manly dignity which looks not at the outward appearance, but at the value of the soul.

The next day Harrington came to her, bowed down by penitence. He said that his companions had often taunted him with Margaret's humble situation in life, laughed at what they called his romantic devotion, and teased him continually about his preference for white muslin and rusticity. The morning of the ride he had been more than usually rallied, and when he had seen her at such a menial employment, his pride had forced him to pass her by without recognition.

He would give all that he possessed, could he but recall his error. Again her forbearance must be presumed upon; again he must implore her pardon.

Margaret was hardened; she found it difficult to forgive, but for the sake of the happiness his love had given her, she was willing to try him again.

"Eugene," she said, as he was commencing to pour out a flood of vehement protestations, "I forgive you freely, but for the last time! Beware of the third offence!"

Pardon was acceptable on any terms; and Eugene, looking into her calm, beautiful eyes, felt himself strong enough to resist all other charms; to conquer all other predilections.

* * * * *

Mr. Effingham was proud of his son, Clyde; also, he loved him, and his anger at his care of Adelaide did not long endure. Message after message did he send to his son, asking him to forget his rash words at the church on the morning of little Percy's christening, and come back to Effingham Hall, his home. And to all these invitations Clyde made but one reply—

"So long as my sister is an alien from her father's house, so long will her brother continue a stranger to its fireside?"

Clyde Effingham's private fortune was very handsome, and immediately on his arrival in America, he had purchased a fine old country seat, on the Piscataqua River, some two miles above the town, and commenced having it fitted up for immediate occupancy.

By the middle of July everything was ready at Elmwood Villa—so Clyde called his place—and thither he removed his sister and Margaret.

When the latter had objected to going, he had said—

"Miss Rossmont, you cared for my sister when her own father had forsaken her, and for this you merit my gratitude; but refuse to pass with her the brief space of time between the present and the day appointed for your bridal, and I look upon you, henceforth, as a stranger!"

The ladies of his acquaintance called Clyde Effingham "singular," and as Margaret glanced up to his face, and saw the strange, conflicting emotions there, she mentally arrived at the same conclusion.

It was not best to thwart persons of that description of character, so when he held out his hand to lead her to the carriage, she gave him hers in return.

Elmwood Villa was a beautiful residence, situated in one of the loveliest nooks of our lovely New England. The house was on a gentle eminence, crowned with drooping elms; an extensive park stretched down to the river, which glittered a quarter of a mile below, while to the east the great ocean spread out its boundless expanse.

The villa was not large, but its appointments left nothing to be desired, either in elegance or comfort; none but a perfect taste could have planned and executed so elegant an abode.

Clyde welcomed his sister to its roof with a solemn tenderness which brought tears to her eyes; and while she was drying them, he took Margaret up to the room assigned to her. It was a large, oriel chamber, carpeted with white roses on a pale buff ground; the chairs and sofa were rosewood, with cushions of crimson damask; and the mirrors and toilet articles were fit for a duchess. Margaret turned to thank him; he pressed her hand hard, and shut the door upon her.

Life at Elmwood Villa grew very pleasant to Margaret. In the society of her friend, time passed quietly and happily away. Adelaide was not soured by the blight which had early fallen upon her; and in her love of her child, and the regard of Clyde and Margaret, she seemed to forget that the world still pointed at her the finger of scorn.

Clyde Effingham spent the greater part of his time in the library, sometimes alone, often with his sister and little Percy. He made no friendly overtures to Margaret; he treated her with a sort of grave respect, and consulted her wishes in regard to all their amusements, with deferential politeness.

Eugene Harrington was an almost daily visiter at the villa, and with growing impatience he looked forward to the day which was to see him the husband of Margaret. It was arranged that immediately after the performance of the ceremony, the pair were to go South, and after a short tour to the Virginia Springs, take up their abode in Mr. Harrington's paternal mansion at Charleston.

And in the meantime, where was Isabel Monroe? Only waiting for an opportunity to try the effect of her blandishments once more, and then—

And then, she said to herself, if unsuccessful, not heaven or hell should win her from her purpose! And the fiendish glare of her eyes told the rest.

Fortune favored her; it is certain that the fickle goddess often exhibits a preference for assisting at evil deeds, and presiding at the birth of uncanny plots.

The party at Mrs. Peabody's was about to break up for the season, and before separating, it was proposed to have an excursion by water to Plumb Island, off the coast of Massachusetts.

The morning was fair and fine; a few clouds settled down in the northwest, and a brisk breeze blew from the same quarter. The gentlemen were merry; the ladies in their best spirits, and things bid fair for a pleasant time of it. Toward noon the wind increased rapidly, until a strong gale swept the sea into mountainous white caps, and the frail yacht quivered at every lurch. The owner of the vessel, who acted as steersman, fearing for the safety of his craft, advised running her upon Ipswich sands; and some of the gentlemen being of the opinion that the attempt was less hazardous than remaining at the mercy of the waves, it was done.

But the shock of striking the bar was too much for the slender timbers of the yacht; her keel parted, and instantly the whole party was thrown into the water. They were near the shore, and for good swimmers there was no danger; but several, being unable to swim, had to be assisted by their more fortunate friends.

Eugene Harrington, from a singular dread of water, had never learned this useful art, and now he was helplessly tossed about by every wave that broke on the reef. Isabel Monroe watched him keenly—she saw him powerless—her time had come. Her father had been a sailor, and she had been reared on the sea-shore; no fish of old ocean could swim more skillfully than she, and swimming up to Eugene, she tethered him to her waist with her girdle.

"Trust in me!" she said hoarsely, "We will live or die together!"

The tide was in her favor; passion lent her strength; her very calmness was power; and in a brief space of time she stood with Eugene upon the shore. They looked for their late companions, all assembled on the beach in safety, except two. Cora Peabody, and a young gentleman named Rolfe, were absent. They waited long for them, and waited vainly: to earth they came back never more.

Harrington and Isabel sat down together on one of the brown rocks which studded the white sands, while the rest of the party sought refuge in a fisher's hut near by. The soft wind dried the water from their clothes, and painted Isabel's cheek a more vivid crimson.

She was a beautiful woman, and she had saved his life. Once before he had owed the continuance of his existence to the interposition of one of the softer sex; again was he called up to acknowledge a like debt to another.

He tried to thank Isabel for what she had done; she listened to the formal words and grew pale as marble. He was troubled and alarmed—his heart melted toward her—he took her hand; she lifted her eyes to his face, and burst into tears.

What did not that one furtive glance reveal? It told him how dear he was to the belle, the beauty, the heiress; the woman whom all men admired, and whom few women could win. He was flattered; his pride was elated.

A beautiful woman's tears he could not behold unmoved; he drew Isabel to his side, and kissed the pearly drops away. The dark, bewitching eyes again swept his face; their smothered passion thrilled him like the touch of an electric wire; he forgot his plighted vows, forgot little Margaret Rossmont; his arms held the syren in a close embrace; his lips murmured in her ear—

"Oh, Isabel! Isabel! Give yourself to me!"

The velvet of her cheek nestled up to his face; her breath warm and fragrant, kissed his brow; her white arms encircled his neck; her sweet voice whispered—

"Eugene, I will be yours; now and forever!"

The spell was upon him; now it seemed soft as threads of floss silk, but it grew strong and firm like bands of steel. Affrighted, he surveyed the abyss on which his feet trembled. Terror-smitten, he would have receded, but the repetition of her words held him fast.

"I will be yours; now and forever!"

And for a brief hour of infatuated passion, Eugene Harrington cast out the remembrance of Margaret Rossmont from his heart, and thought only of the peerless Isabel.

* * * * *

A week later, Margaret received through the post-office, a little note, which ran thus—

"*Margaret Rossmont, burn your wedding dress, and rend your bridal veil; Eugene Harrington is betrothed to another!*"

Margaret had seen that firm, delicate chirography before; she knew the white hand that traced the letters; she was at no loss to guess the beautiful temptress who had won her lover. But she shed not a tear; heaved not a sigh; she despised the man's weakness and frailty too much to weep for him. Margaret was born and bred amid giant mountains, and hardy-spirited men; she abhorred a cowardly soul, and scorned the being whose life was but an acted lie.

He came to her, as she had expected. Like a child, tired of a new plaything, he returned to his old love. He was passionate, penitent, and suffering; he confessed everything, and besought her to receive him once more.

"Your pardon, Margaret!" he said in agony, "you must pardon me, or I die!"

"Then you must die!" she said, coldly, "I would not take you back to my heart to propitiate your life! My respect for you is gone; there is nothing to sustain love!"

"But, Margaret, listen—"

"No more! I would not prolong this interview. Not that I fear your eloquence will conquer my judgment, but because your protestations annoy me! Go! Eugene Harrington, an honorable man would not seek to bind to him the woman whose love of him is dead!"

Her words stung him; he arose from his place at her feet where he had thrown himself, cast upon her one look full of shame, agony and remorse, and rushed from the room.

The next day the whole Southern party left Mrs. Peabody's for the Falls of Niagara, from whence they were to proceed home.

Thus ended Margaret Rossmont's love-dream. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

Great preparations were going forward at the old farm-house a short distance from the little village of Fairview.

And well might it be so; for on this first day of April, 1852, Mr. Alton was to give his only child in marriage to Augustus Alexander George Washington Betts, Esq., and with her the prospective possession of all his well cultivated and broad acres.

The bride was a loving, gentle girl, that had nestled for seventeen years close to the great, honest hearts that fed a father's and mother's love. She had known but one sorrow that a day could not efface, and that was when her father had told her that she must not accept Frank Weldon as her escort any more, as he had promised her hand to Mr. Betts, who was practicing law in Fairview, and whose father's acres were almost as numerous as his own. The farms joined, and one day they would both belong to the young lawyer if the marriage took place.

And what was to hinder?

Nothing, said and thought Mr. Betts, whose vanity and egotism was remarkable in the highest degree.

And *nothing*, said the old gentleman, as he looked on his beautiful daughter who had ever considered it a pleasure to obey him. But what was his surprise when he made known his wishes upon the subject, to find the girl unwilling to fulfil the promise he had made in her behalf; and even resorting to tears when the matter was urged upon her.

But the father, whose only great fault was a hot temper, silenced her at once with an outburst of passion, such as he had never before exhibited to her, and Mr. Betts was received as an acknowledged lover. If her heart often went out in yearning tenderness after Frank Weldon, her lips gave no expression to her thoughts. He had been her playmate at the old farm, and her preference at the village school, where they both were pupils.

Her mother well knew where her thoughts were straying, when she surprised her listless, and sometimes in tears, in her own little room, But what could she do? "Father's" word was law to her, as much as to Lucy, and all she could do was to be more kind and soothing to her, if possible, than she had ever been before.

"She will soon forget it," she argued to herself; "she is so very young"—Mrs. Allton was thirty when she married—"and then will be happy as ever."

Sometimes Frank and Lucy would meet, and as he looked into her eyes with a reproachful tenderness, she would turn away and call this a weary world, and wonder why people could not be happy, each in his own way.

To say that her father did not sometimes reproach himself, as he looked on her sad face, would be doing him injustice. She had always been to him a kind and dutiful daughter. Never before, in any case, had she preferred her own pleasure to his! "And then Frank was a good boy—past twenty-two, reader—and he respected him, and pitied him too. But then he lacked the acres, or the money to buy them. A paltry five hundred would buy all his earthly possessions. But then a million could not have perverted his principles, or caused him to swerve from the path of duty."

And so the days wore on, and the long looked for one came at last. Ten o'clock was the hour appointed by the bridegroom, as he had, with his usual pomposity, managed to have the ordering of everything, and no one thought of offering an objection.

A large party had been invited, and Frank Weldon among the rest.

Ten o'clock came, but the bridegroom did not. An hour passed away, and then a sealed envelope—the device a donkey—was handed to Mr. Alton. It was addressed to him, but underlined to be opened in the presence of his daughter. But the old gentleman, chafing and fretting from the annoyance of waiting, did not wait to go to her room, but broke the seal at once, and read, in staring capitals, "April Fool!"

"The scoundrel!" almost screamed the infuriated old gentleman, "how dare he do it! I will April Fool him! Is there any one who will marry my daughter?"

It would be difficult to portray the varied sensations of the goodly company assembled. Girls smiled mischievously; fathers and mothers looked grave, while every young man who had no sweet-heart wondered if he was in earnest!

At length, from out a corner, where he had ensconced himself to escape observation, stepped Frank Weldon.

"Do you mean what you say, sir?"

"Do I ever say anything I do not mean, youngster?"

"Yes, no; that is—" and poor Frank looked down upon a bunch of red roses in the carpet until his face seemed to catch the reflection, in hue, at least.

"May I have your daughter, sir?" at length he asked, raising his eyes, and looking frankly in the old gentleman's face.

"Yes, if she will have you."

"Thank you, sir!"

And bowing to the company, Frank left the room; and when he returned, which was but a few moments after, Lucy Allton was leaning upon his arm.

How he proposed, or how he was accepted, has never transpired, but one thing is certain, after a few words to the clergyman, the ceremony proceeded, and Lucy was saluted as Mrs. Weldon.

And, then, forgetting everything but her kind old father who, she thought, had planned it all, she put her arms about his neck, and sobbed, like the great baby, he had always allowed her to be.

"Don't thank me," he said, disengaging her arms, while his old eyes grew moist. "It was that smart lawyer who managed it all his own way—imposed upon you and all the company. There, read that!" and he placed the note in her hand; but before she had time to examine it, all eyes were turned toward the window.

A carriage was driven up, and from it alighted the would-be bridegroom, accompanied by his groomsmen, and all as sleek and to order, as the best shopmen in Fairview could prepare them.

A smirk of self-conceit was visible on the face of Augustus Alexander George Washington Betts, Esq., as he met the guests. He was formally introduced to Mrs. Weldon, while Mr. Allton, with his ire at high tide again, muttered—

"April fool; yes, April fool, indeed!"

"Mrs. Weldon, yes; a very good joke, upon my word!" said the self-satisfied Augustus—"and, now, if the lady is ready, we are prepared for the ceremony. A bona-fide ceremony, this time, you know?"

"A what?" spluttered forth the angry father.

"Why, a wedding, to be sure! I came to marry your daughter."

"You did, hey? Well, then, you can go away again. My daughter is already married. She was married to Mr. Weldon, at just half-past eleven, by a clergyman, and she has been too well reared to be married twice the same day."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean just what I say. April fool, indeed! Don't try to play off any more practical jokes on me, sir. We are all obliged to you, sir."

The crest-fallen Augustus now comprehended it all, and, without a formal adieu, soon took his leave, muttering audibly of a breach of promise and some other things in the future; but as no such case has been recorded as before the county court, we have a right to suppose he thought better of it when re-calling the witnesses for the defence.

Frank Weldon dropped quietly into the old home, the care of which now devolves entirely upon him.

Mr. Allton gets into a passion as easily as ever; but Frank has a great amount of patience in relation to that matter, probably recollecting that to his father-in-law's temper is he indebted for a wife.

New Buffalo, March, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper, Philada.]

AN IMPRESSION.

BY CROSBY.

"Good night, child."
"Good night, mother."

The door closed and the mother's step grew fainter and fainter, dying away on the rag carpet of the kitchen floor.

In a little time Hattie was ready for the smooth, white bed, which stood so temptingly in the corner, facing the window into which the sun looked o' mornings. But first Hattie took from the drawer of her workstand a little clasp Bible, and opening at random, as she always liked to do, read the evening's lesson. To-night it was the one hundred and third psalm. "The floods have lifted O, Lord: the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

"How full the Bible is of allusions to the sea," thought Hattie; "and how pleasant it is to feel that Jesus himself knew the waves so well and loved sailors so tenderly."

She closed the book with a gentle snap of the clasp, bent her eyes on the floor in reverie, letting her winged thoughts fly out on the night to where the winds play unchecked forever; and then kneeling by the bedside, one little white foot creeping out from her snowy night-drapery, her tresses falling in dark wealth upon shoulders and bosom, her fingers clasped, arms sinking, with her leaning weight into the pillowy couch, head reverently drooped, eye-lashes fallen upon the bloom of her cheek, lips parting and closing with the whispered words, prayed.

Flitting in and out of the maiden's prayer, noiseless and bright as butterflies, were thoughts of another and rougher but dearer self tossing on the restless sea. She prayed for him more than for all the world beside Why not? Are not souls given to such sweet intercessors as special objects of guard and care? God help us when no entreating woman's lips mingle our names with longing prayers for the blessing of Heaven.

An hour later. All is silent in Hattie's chamber. The young girl is deep in slumber, motionless but for the rise and fall of linen at her breast. An arm deserted of drapery, white as marble but for the warmth of life, lies upon the covering in the partial moonlight, and on a finger glistens a ring—only one; clasped in the other, and buried in the pillow under her face, purring unceasingly, cheerily, is Hettie's watch—a mother's gift. It is her habit—the companionship of the watch; the pleasant friend whose voice is always cheery, ceaseless, and cheery like the purr of a kitten.

Who can tell what dreams are in the maiden's chamber? What etherial form floats hither and thither in a radiance of their own—bathing in the sweet vapor of her breath, and listening to the soft rustle of the drapery at her throat?

Hattie's eyes spring open like passion-flowers—those large, liquid, blue eyes. "What has waked me? Have I been dreaming? No. My sleep was very sound and sweet. And how wakeful I am. Why, I have not the first feeling of sleepiness. Has there been any noise? No. Nobody but mother in the house—there could be no noise. How very strange!" and Hattie turned uneasily on her pillow. Then came a sense of suffocation, an intolerable oppression

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, April 17, 1861.

GAS AND GAS METERS.

The disputes arising between gas companies and their customers as to the accuracy of meters seem to require that a different system of inspection should be established. Gas companies are, and from the nature of the case must be to a great extent, monopolies. That is, it is but seldom, even in the most crowded cities, that two companies can and do supply the same streets, or have the right to lay down their pipes in them. The result is, that every family wanting gas is either obliged to submit to the rates and regulations imposed on them by the company, or go without. After a house has been fitted up at the expense of from one to five hundred dollars, and the inhabitants have once got used to this light, and are without conveniences for any other, the threat of a company to cut off their supply makes them ready to submit. The first thing that the Legislature should do where a monopoly exists for the supply of so necessary an article as light, is to regulate the price of it. The next thing to have the quality of gas inspected, to see that customers are not defrauded by being furnished with gas of only half the proper illuminating power. We have known instances where gas from the same works has, at times, required the addition of lamps to get a supply of light sufficient to read by of an evening.

Again, the gas meters are all the property of the companies; they purchase and pay for them, and of course the makers see to it that there are no mistakes against the company. But it is well known that there often *are* mistakes the other way, and attributed to falsely registering meters. Large consumers would find it worth while to have a meter *of their own*, properly tested and inspected, and have the gas pass through that also. But there ought to be a law passed for inspecting these meters whenever a customer chooses to call for it, for a trifling price, and if at any time an error or fraud is found, let an exemplary fine and damages, proportioned to the error, be paid by the company to the consumer or consumers. Each town or city could pass such an ordinance of inspection for itself and its own protection. A gas company makes each consumer bind himself to allow the gas to be cut off if all the bills of the company are not paid *within a proper time*. This looks fair, but the working of it is that if any one is disposed to be troublesome or test exorbitant bills, the company cut off his gas and need never bring an action against him. They have the monopoly. Now the law should provide that consumers who are willing to give security to stand the result of a suit, shall be allowed to do so without incurring the risk of having their supply of gas cut off.

The accuracy of gas meters is a subject which has been very largely discussed recently in England. The result of that discussion seems to be embodied in the following practical conclusions:

"No meter ought to be put up in any public or private dwelling, factory or store, unless it has passed through the hands of a competent inspector, who should give a certificate that the meter registers accurately the amount of gas which passes through it. Meters may be manufactured that will not register more than half the gas, and again they can be manufactured so as to vary a hundred feet in a thousand, and yet give no indication that they are recording incorrectly. While such is the fact, there is no place where the consumers can have their meters tested, except at the manufactories, which are under the control of the gas companies, or at the office of the latter. How, then, if the gas companies should make out their bills fifty per cent. beyond the amount of gas consumed, can the consumer test the accuracy of his meter? As they are managed at present, this is impossible, and this subject, so long neglected, should receive the attention which it deserves.

"With regard to regulating the consumption of gas, more judgment might be used, and the consumers would find that, while they received the same amount of light, their bills would be materially reduced. Meters should be placed in warm situations, where the temperature is uniform, for the hydrocarbonic vapor, which are the true source of light, are condensible, and a meter containing four or five per cent. of these vapors will deposit more or less of them in going into a cold meter and passing through cold mains. Old burners should be changed for new ones, for the longer a burner is used the more gas it will consume. These and many other facts would become known, if we had inspectors of gas and gas meters. The gas companies are aware of them, but it is not for their interest to divulge them.

"The modes of arriving at the comparative amount of gas produced by different kinds of coal are various, and it has been found that a mixture of certain kinds will yield a gas which the companies can supply at a great profit, and which the consumers accept without complaint. But if the latter knew how much better gas could be and ought to be made, they would demand a better quality, even if the company dividends should be materially lessened."

THE ADMINISTRATIVE POLICY.

In the absence of any official information, the military and naval movements which are exciting the public mind appear to embrace three distinct but simultaneous objects—furnishing supplies to Fort Sumter, the reinforcement of Fort Pickens, and the landing of a force in Texas sufficient to co-operate with General Houston for the protection of the citizens against Indian forays, a duty to which the State troops are inadequate. There is nothing in this programme which ought of itself to provoke a war, and yet it is probable that it may lead to that calamity. Fort Pickens and Fort Sumter are the property of the United States, and it is out of the power of Mr. Lincoln to regard the ownership in any one else. The people of all the States in national convention may resolve upon the peaceful separation of the two sections and a division of public property, but it certainly is not within the constitutional duty of the President to do so. If the Confederate Government were to wait patiently till the people speak by authority, it is probable that they might have this whole subject amicably arranged. But they seem resolved to precipitate war, as they did rebellion.

From the accounts received by telegraph, it is reported that the Government, if compelled to a collision, will attack the batteries south of Morris Island first, and advance up to those at Cummings' Point, where the new battery, strengthened with bars of railroad iron, is situated, and which is the nearest to Fort Sumter, and probably the one most calculated to do mischief to the fort. If this battery is assailed in the rear, as proposed, it is very likely to disturb the calculations of the revolutionists, for, unless they have a guard on against this danger, and are able to hold their position there, they will be entirely cut off from any chance of retreat, as the Point is a long, narrow neck of land, with water on both sides of it, and Sumter directly in front and only a half mile distant. With the battery on Morris Island silenced or taken, half the danger to Sumter would be removed, and Fort Moultrie, opposite, and the batteries on James Island could be assailed with effect from the same point. The despatches say that seven vessels of war are lying off the harbor of Charleston; that Lieut. Talbot had been refused communication with Major Anderson, and that all the troops in Charleston were under arms and other regiments ordered from the interior. The probabilities are, therefore, that a collision will occur very soon.

MILITIA SYSTEM OF THE STATE.

Governor Curtin calls the attention of the Legislature to the very imperfect condition of the militia of the State, and recommends a more thorough and perfect organization, including a Military Bureau and complete arming of the militia. It is reported that this recommendation arises from apprehensions of an assault upon the national capital, and that the object of it is to be ready for a response if the National Government should call upon the States for aid. The Legislature ought not to attach any more importance to the Governor's message than as a suggestion, the necessity of which they are competent to judge as well as he. We do not believe that the State is in any danger of invasion, or that the General Government could be menaced at Washington without having thousands of armed volunteers from all parts of the loyal country to sustain and defend it. Our militia system is behind the times undoubtedly, and it would do no harm to discuss its improvement; but as for putting it upon a war footing, there does not appear to be any immediate necessity for such a measure. Neither is the establishment of a Military Bureau advisable. The Adjutant General of the State ought to be competent to advise what are the most efficient arms, and to see that the organized companies of volunteers are promptly provided with them. In addition to this, it might be proper to have a more perfect enrolment of all citizens liable to do militia duty. This would show what number of men could be depended upon for the State's defence in time of danger, and would enable them to be easily called together in an emergency, such as an invasion of the State by an enemy, or the maintenance of the lawful authority of the National Government when resisted by rebellion, or menaced by armed treason. Putting the whole militia of the State upon a war footing would involve a degree of useless expense not warranted by any present impending danger, and call for frequent training and other personal inconveniences, without which the militia would be no more effective for service than they would be simply by enrolment.

THE LOTTERY MEN in Delaware are in trouble with the judicial authorities. On Friday afternoon last, an injunction, issued by Chancellor Harrington, was served on Wood, Eddy & Co., to restrain them, their agents and all concerned, from drawing the Delaware Lottery of which they are the managers. In defiance of the injunction so served on them, the Wilmington Republican says, they went on with the drawing, thereby setting the Chancellor and the laws of the State at defiance.

CIVILIZATION IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Moderns are extremely apt to underrate the dark ages. Because there was no newspaper press, because printing had not been discovered, because comparatively little was known of books, we too hastily conclude that superstition, ignorance, brutality and barbarism reigned paramount, not only over the serfs, but over the upper classes also. To some extent, indeed, this idea is correct. But the difference between the nineteenth and twelfth centuries really consists less in the higher standard of education enjoyed by the former than its more popular diffusion. It would be difficult to show a cotemporary dialectician superior to Abelard, an orator more powerful than St. Bernard, or intellectual gladiators as subtle as the schoolmen. It is true that the physical sciences are better understood now than they were then, and so far forth modern times are in advance of medieval ones; but in other departments of education we do not transcend the feudal days as much as we suppose. Our real advantages are, that what is acquired now is never lost, because printing successfully perpetuates it; and that book-learning, instead of being confined, as then, to the richer classes, or to churchmen, is available to all.

But even the degree to which knowledge was disseminated throughout the community in the feudal times, has been generally misunderstood. Learning seems to have fluctuated as nations enjoyed more or less of peace. Just as, during the wars of the first Napoleon, literature gave place to the military spirit, so, in the more troubled portions of the middle ages, it seems to have suffered from similar causes. But at other periods, or in particular localities, when there happened to be a long peace, learning flourished with a vigor for which generally we moderns do not give those times credit. It is a historical fact that the students of Oxford frequently numbered thirty thousand, that swarms of followers listened to Abelard at Paris, that the doctors of Salamanca were fameus throughout Europe, and that the schools of Italy were crowded with learners. In the republican communities of that day—in Florence, Pisa and other peninsular towns, for example—the citizens could mostly read and write, and enjoyed generally a high degree of refinement and civilization. Later, the republican towns of Flanders and Holland exhibited a similar spectacle. The first produced Dante and the great painters. The last gave birth to those mighty spirits who founded the Dutch Republic, and laid the corner-stones of English and American liberty.

But if the middle ages had even been more ignorant than they were, they performed a service, in one respect, which cannot be ignored. It was to those ages that we owe much of that sentiment of personal independence which distinguishes the modern from the ancient world. The Roman empire fell, not merely, as used to be popularly taught, because the Goths assailed it, but because it was socially as well as politically rotten to the very core. The idea that a mighty empire, such as that of Rome then was, should succumb to a foreign invader, while it was healthy and sound, is a manifest absurdity. The truth was that wealth had become concentrated into a few hands only, that selfishness had completely corrupted all classes, and that the poor were in such a hopeless condition that they had less to dread from new masters than from the old; and it was the weakness of the common wealth, caused by these things, which made the empire so easy a prey to the invader. But when the deluge had swept over the ancient order of things, when rich and poor alike were washed into one common alluvium, and when the seeds of the sentiment of personal liberty, which the northern nations had brought with them and scattered abroad, had germinated, then arose that new civilization which we now enjoy, and whose distinguishing characteristic, as compared with that of the old world, is the sense of personal independence.

If we consider civilization to consist solely in marble palaces, sumptuous furniture and generally in luxury, then the middle ages were undoubtedly inferior to the Roman world, though, even in the middle ages, more of the luxury and refinement of the old world was retained, at least in Italy and the south of France, than is usually believed. But, if we regard civilization as consisting in higher things—in personal independence or political freedom—then the middle ages take rank above that of the ancient world. For even the republics of the old time taught liberty, less as a personal right than as the privilege of a class. It was not as a man, but as an Athenian, that the Greek voted in the public assembly. It was because he was a member of his tribe or order, that the free citizen of Rome had a voice in the State, and not because he was a human being, gifted with an immortal soul, and endowed by his Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is time that we moderns were more just to both the learning and the civilization of the middle ages.

SOUTHERN IDEAS OF GOVERNMENT.

Debow's Review, the Southern expounder of the secession scheme, says:—"*All government begins with usurpation, and is continued by force.* Nature puts the ruling elements uppermost, and the masses below and subject to those elements. Less than this is not government. The right to govern resides with a very small minority; the duty to obey is inherent in the great mass of mankind." As the seceding States are the very small minority, we suppose that the present revolution is the practical attempt to put these political principles into operation. They have begun with usurpation of the most despotic character, for they will not submit their acts to any popular approval, and now, by their military power, they expect to "continue it by force." If these principles be received as the true science of government, what becomes of the hypocritical outcry against "coercion" when the national Government proposes to enforce its laws? Or their still more deceptive assertion of the principle that "government is based only on the consent of the governed?" The fact is the Southern politicians never had any fixed principles of enlightened representative republican government—their whole theory and practice were the right to rule, and when this right was in danger of being taken from them they claimed as clear a right to ruin.

It is amusing to read the speeches made in the Southern Conventions, and the diatribes in the Southern newspapers, on their undoubted right to break up the national Government, and the flagrant wrong of that Government taking any effectual measures to preserve itself. It never has been doubted till now that our Government had the right to use force against insurrection or rebellion; so far from being doubted, force has actually been used to suppress popular outbreaks against the constituted authorities, and that, too, in one instance in which it was clearly proved that the people, or a majority of those who ought to have been legal voters in the State, were the persons who undertook to change their form of State government. The Dorr rebellion is a memorable instance of the unsoundness of the present Southern theory of the duty of the National Government in time of rebellion. The royal charter, under which Rhode Island was governed, excluded the greater part of its citizens, or those possessing no property, from any voice or control in the Government. These disfranchised citizens met in convention, and organized a State Government. The party in power called out the military force to put the people down, and President Tyler, a Southern President, sent United States troops to assist in perpetuating, by "coercion," a Government not based on the "consent of the governed." The Confederate conspirators have a tolerably clear notion that "force" is an essential element in maintaining their own authority, though they persistently deny the right of the National Government to use it, even against avowed traitors. They have also reached the point when the consent of the governed is considered a ceremony which may be dispensed with entirely, and the few who "began by usurpation" will "continue to govern by force."

OPPOSITION TO SECESSION IN TEXAS.—Governor Houston and the Hon. Jacob Hamilton are making determined assaults upon the political oppressions of the secessionists, and it is very clear, from the statements of the Texas papers, that if Houston could have induced Twiggs to consent, he would have used the United States troops to drive the secession convention out. Twiggs was at that time hatching his treason with the secessionists, and would not consent. At Austin, Houston and Hamilton have both denounced in public assemblage the convention, and also the Confederate Congress, as a band of usurpers. The Galveston News, a secession paper, declares that the speeches of both are such as ought never to be listened to by a Southern audience, and yet they received the applause of the meeting. The designs of Houston, it is thought, are to ask aid of the National Government to help to reconquer Texas. To that end, it is believed that Lincoln will concentrate the United States troops in Texas at Green Lake. An order has reached Brownsville, from Col. Waite, commanding the military department of Texas, for the United States soldiers to still hold Fort Brown. An order has also been received for the Federal troops to rendezvous at Green Lake, a few miles from Indianola, and the order applies to all the Federal force in Texas.

PRIVATEERING THREATENED.—The N. York papers have a long story about a projected attempt to initiate a privateering system to prey upon Northern commerce in the event of war. The story seems an improbable one in many respects, and the proceeding probably has more to do with the African slave trade than with privateering. It is frequently suggested in Southern newspapers that the Northern commerce will be swept from the seas in the event of war, though what is to become of the Southern, is never once even suggested. The idea of plundering one of the large steamers coming from California or Europe has its attractions, but the difficulties in the way of doing it do not seem to be fully appreciated. Perhaps they will be when the attempt is made.

ROME REGENERATED.

There never was a period when our country were exerting so powerful an influence abroad as just at the very time, when it seems so hard to maintain them at home. Victor Emmanuel has now fairly proclaimed the policy of his government to be the obtaining of Rome as the capital of the new Italian government, to be founded on *the principle of the complete separation of Church and State.* As our own country is the first in which that great principle has been successfully established in the history of mankind, and as it has been the exactly opposite to this which has been the *ruling* policy and also the *ruinous* policy of Rome in all her past history, it is well to mark how much a single idea may do to ruin or revive a nation.

Before Rome became Christian, the emperors always considered that they had the right of supremacy dictating in all religious affairs. The toleration which they showed to conquered nations was simply, as Neander has shown, a permission or rather a command to maintain the religious *status* of the country unaltered. A Jew might circumcise one of his own nation, but all proselyting of Roman citizens would have been at the peril of life. The Government were remarkably severe in this matter.

When Constantine came to the throne he simply established Christianity in the room of Paganism, and no more doubted the right of government to interfere in religious matters than to exist. The Donahots in Africa appealed to him, for religious interference, in the very year in which he fought and conquered at the Milvian bridge. They were displeased with his decisions, refused to submit, and he attacked them with his troops. Then it was that they turned around and, first in the history of mankind, declared it wrong for the State to compel men in matters of religion. They were not heeded, but crushed like egg-shells by the Roman forces and scattered like the driven snow.

Arnold of Brescia, some eight hundred years ago, relieved the monotony of the dark ages by denying the right of the Pope to govern Rome *politically.* In fact, he took the precise ground now advanced by Victor Emmanuel, namely the complete separation of Church and State as the only proper course for the Romans. He allowed the Pope all his ecclesiastical dignity, but drove him by force of arms from the city, and kept him at bay for several years. He re-organized the government, but was finally conquered, killed, and his body burned to ashes, and even the ashes thrown into the Tiber, *lest the people should retain any relics of him.* Those ashes, scattered thus by winds and waves, have at last fertilized the land, and from them, as from long-hidden seed, has sprung, first in Garabaldi, and more powerfully in Victor Emmanuel, a defence, open, public and powerful, of the very principle for which he contended.

Meantime, first by Roger Williams, William Penn and Lord Baltimore, had this great truth been incorporated into the *written* constitution and government of States. After our Revolution it entered into our national constitution, and our success has led to its gradual avowal in Europe. Thus it is that Rome, which has been ruined by the rejection of this great truth, is now seemingly relying upon it chiefly as the source of its regeneration.

THE SOUTHERN LOAN.

A letter is published from Messrs. Slope & Co., bankers, in London, to Mr. Crawford, a banker in Charleston, S. C., in answer to his proposition for the negotiation of the loan in the London money market, of the "Confederate States of America," for fifteen millions of dollars. The letter declines having anything to do with the loan, and does it in terms the most insulting possible, showing the feeling in the minds of at least one English banking-house in respect to the Southern Confederacy. The letter advises the Charleston banker to abandon all hope or expectation of the loan being taken in England. It says, the people there already suffered losses enough in the taking of the bonds of Florida, Mississippi, Ecuador, Pernambuco, Patagonia, Arkansas, and other of the Gulf States, and they are not, at present, feel inclined to renew the acquaintance again in money matters, even if the Southern States were not in open rebellion against the legitimately constituted government of the United States. The writer says, one of the firm had an interview with Lord Palmerston on the subject, who said the British Government meant to discourage any effort there to procure money for the Confederate States. The security upon which the bonds rest, a mortgage upon public property, is ridiculed as no security at all, the property being *stolen*, and "Englishmen have the greatest abhorrence of dishonesty." It concludes in the following severe language:

"The British people can have no confidence in a government, at the head of which is a man who supported the most infamous repudiation of State faith and honor on record. We have his written and printed declarations of the fact, and as we are perfectly cognizant of all the circumstances connected with that violation, we feel at liberty to invite your closest attention to it, and now send you copies of the decisions of your courts and the reports of popular meetings sustaining such decisions. The bigger we make them, the popular orators who sustained them, have since been governors, diplomatic representatives to Europe, and last and least, one of them is President of a Confederated Government that deludes itself with an idea that a vegetable fibre, which no American can eat, is the *pabulum* upon which Englishmen feed, and will sustain them and keeps them all—nobiemen, bankers and peasants—from the workhouse. There's pluck enough in England left, thank Heaven, to live without slave cotton and to refuse 'O. S. A.' bonds. There is nothing so revolting to an Englishmen's loyalty as repudiation, which is nothing so unpardonable to him as the guilt of him who fires into his country's flag!"

COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

Despatches received from Charleston, on the 12th inst., report the commencement of hostilities, by the opening of fire from the Charleston batteries upon Fort Sumter. We have no means of knowing how far these despatches are reliable. The last authentic intelligence from Charleston was that Major Anderson had refused to surrender the Fort, and that preparations were making for attacking the Fort. Following this, several contradictory despatches were received—one declaring that Jefferson Davis had agreed that Fort Sumter should receive supplies, and last night the reports of the opening of hostilities. If the latter be true, we shall hear a confirmation of it very speedily, if anything serious has happened to Major Anderson. If otherwise, as the telegraph line at that end is controlled by the revolutionists, we may not be so fortunate. Our State Legislature regarded the news as true, and immediately passed the bill for arming the militia of the State. This bill appropriates $500,000 towards equipping, organizing and arming the militia. The money to be expended by the Adjutant-General, Quarter-Master General and Commissary General, under the direction and with the consent of the Governor.

THE NEWS BY THE PERSIA.—The news by the Persia from Europe is important, though its interest is overshadowed by the events transpiring here at home, and which absorb almost every other thought and feeling with the public. The appearance of affairs abroad is threatening of further hostilities between Italy and Austria, and the government of the latter country is pushing large bodies of troops into Venetia, where it is said to have fifty thousand men under arms. The speech of Count Cavour, in the Italian Chambers, is a bold declaration in favor of separating the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope, and of establishing Rome as the capital of the United Kingdom. By this arrangement he argues that the Church and the State will both be independent, one attending to Church, and the other to State affairs. The Pope in an allocution sees only destruction in the march of modern progress and the spread of infidelity. He cannot compromise with modern civilization and liberalism. The document is a singular production for the present day, but it is not likely to change the current of events as affecting the Papacy.

PROPERTY EXEMPT FROM TAXATION.—The Legislature proposes to repeal all laws exempting from taxation real estate and all property except church property, and such as is exempted by acts of incorporation. The true principle is to exempt no property at all, but make all alike subject to taxation, whether it be property of churches, charitable societies, asylums, colleges, seminaries or public schools. Every dollar's worth of property protected by the laws should bear its equal tax. If the State for public purposes wishes to encourage religious or charitable associations, it should do so directly by appropriation from the treasury. Then the measure of its beneficence would be known and could be equalized. Now some societies receive a much larger share of public support, through exemption from taxation, than others, without any better claims to deserving it.

THE MILITARY MOVEMENT IN TEXAS.—The Washington Intelligencer regards the sending of United States troops to Texas as a necessity of our treaty with that country at the close of the Mexican war, wherein the United States bound themselves to defend the frontiers of Mexico as well as of Texas and of our Mexican acquisitions against incursions and depredations by Indians. The article in the treaty—which it quotes—is very clear and precise in this matter, and makes it the duty of the United States to punish the savage tribes which commit these aggressions, and restore all Mexicans captured to the Mexican government.

THE STATE FAIR.—The State Agricultural Society invites proposals from cities and towns for the holding of the next State Agricultural Fair. The proposals are open till the last day of May, and the decision will be made in June. The Harrisburg Telegraph, in noticing the fact, says, in former years the Society did not have to advertise for proposals, but there was a warm competition among the towns and cities, and subscriptions of large sums made to secure the location.

Highly Important from Charleston.

FORT SUMTER SURRENDERED.

Major Anderson a Prisoner in Charleston.

His Men Prisoners at Morris Island.

THE FLEET DID NOT ASSIST.

WASHINGTON TO BE TAKEN THIS MONTH.

FORT PICKENS REINFORCED.

The Fleet Ask Permission to bring Anderson and his Men Home.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

It is known that actual hostilities commenced on Friday morning last, the 12th inst., between the forces of the Southern Confederacy and those of the Federal Government. Immediately preceding the firing from the Confederacy forces on Morris Island on Fort Sumter, a telegraphic correspondence passed between Gen. Beauregard and the War Department of Montgomery, of which the following is the substance:—The first message was from Gen. Beauregard, and informed Mr. Walker, the Secretary of War for the Southern Confederacy, that President Lincoln had notified Governor Pickens and himself that Fort Sumter was to be supplied with provisions, peaceably, if possible, but by force, if necessary. This was followed by an order to demand the evacuation of the fort, which demand was accordingly made at 12 o'clock on Thursday, and Major Anderson was given until 6 o clock to decide. The reply of Major Anderson, which is telegraphed in full, was, of course, a refusal to comply with the demand, in language which can leave no doubt as to the high sense of honor and manly patriotism of that gallant officer. This reply also conveyed an intimation that, if not battered to pieces, he would probably be starved out in a few days; whereupon Gen. Beauregard was further instructed to ascertain whether Major Anderson would agree to evacuate within a given time, and not to use his guns against the beleaguering force until they fired upon him. This, however, Major Anderson positively declined to do, and the correspondence closed. Had he acceded to the proposition, it would have rendered it impossible for him to give aid to any vessel which might attempt to furnish him with supplies. The first two guns were fired from Fort Moultrie against Fort Sumter, when Major Anderson immediately replied with three of his barbette guns, and the action soon became general, and continued until it became too dark to operate with certainty, when the firing ceased, to be commenced at daylight next morning. The only definite intelligence relative to the fleet of relief vessels sent from New York and from other points, is the statement that three steamers, two of which were the *Harriet Lane* and the *Pawnee*, had made their appearance off the harbor.

Fort Sumter was surrendered to the authorities of the Confederate States on Saturday afternoon, after having been bombarded incessantly since about 4 o'clock on Friday morning. We gather this fact from the mass of confused despatches which have reached us from Charleston—also the additional one that those of the United States vessels which had arrived off the harbor—four in number—took no part in the engagement, and made no effort to relieve the beleaguered garrison. It appears, also, that previous to the surrender considerable damage had been suffered by the Fort. The wooden structures inside had all been set on fire by a hot shot fired from Fort Moultrie, and the horrors of a conflagration were thus added to the difficulties with which the scanty garrison were obliged to cope.

Numerous explosions of bombs were also caused by the fire, it being found impossible to remove them in time. It seems almost incredible that no lives were lost during the bombardment, but such appears to be the fact. Only four of Major Anderson's men were wounded, one of them, perhaps, mortally. The Major, after the capitulation, was for a short time a guest of Gen. Beauregard in Charleston. The latest despatches received from there last night, state that the steamer Isabel has been detailed to convey Major Anderson and his men to this city, and that she would leave at 11 o'clock last night. The United States vessels were still outside, and would probably remain to blockade the port.

In view of the present condition of affairs, and the necessity of meeting the issue presented by the authorities of the so-called Confederate States with promptitude and decision, the President has issued a proclamation calling upon the loyal States for militia to the aggregate number of *seventy-five thousand*, in order to suppress combinations against the Government in the South, and to enforce the laws. The proclamation also calls an *extra session of Congress*, which is to meet on the Fourth of July.

The news of the surrender, as may naturally be supposed, created the most intense feeling in Washington, and absorbed exclusive attention. In view of the threats which have recently been made against the Capitol, the greatest exertions are being made to put it in the most complete state of readiness. It is probable that a considerable number of the volunteers called for will be stationed there.

An extra session of the Congress of the Confederate States has been called for the 20th inst., to adopt such measures as may become necessary in view of the struggle which has been inaugurated at Charleston.

Details of the Bombardment on Saturday.

CHARLESTON, April 14.—Your correspondent did not reach this city until Saturday morning, and consequently lost all the effects of the pyrotechnic display on Friday night. Eye witnesses, however, declare that the sight was truly grand. The firing was terrible, and reached its climax at ten o'clock at night. The heavens were obscured with rain clouds, and the horizon as dark as Erebus. The guns were worked with vigor, and their incessant booming was heard with great distinctness, owing to the wind blowing in shore. At times a shell would burst in mid-air, directly over the doomed fortress. During the entire night, nearly all the streets of the city were thronged with people, who also covered the houses-tops, and every available space in the battery, the wharves and the shipping was occupied. The discharges, however, gradually diminished.

At sunrise the clouds which had obscured the sight were dissipated, and the day was beautifully clear and the air balmy and invigorating. The streets were soon filled with citizens, male and female, white and black, and young and old, from the battery to the wharves. The steeples and house-tops were favorite sites for spectators, and they became crowded.

Only a few random shots were fired from the batteries, Fort Sumter occasionally replying. It soon became apparent that the fortress, to which all eyes were riveted, was on fire. A dense smoke was seen gradually to rise above the ramparts. Some supposed that it was merely a signal made by Major Anderson to draw in the fleet to his aid. The vessels, however, continued quietly riding at anchor in the offing. Four vessels could be clearly distinguished ranged in line directly over the bar, and apparently blockading the port completely. Their long black hulls and smoke stacks proved them to be U S steamers. Every one anxiously awaited the issue, and the suspense was very exciting. Will they come in and engage the batteries was the query of every one; and pessimists if they do not, was the response. Every one of the thousands occupying the Battery fully expected the engagement to become general. By the aid of glasses, it was thought that a movement had been made to this effect by two of the war ships, and it was generally supposed that we should soon see the sand flying from the Morris Island batteries.

At 10 o'clock the general attention became riveted on Fort Sumter, the interior of which was beyond a doubt on fire. The flames soon burst through the roofs of the houses within the walls, and the densest smoke and flame issued in volumes. At this time, scarcely a gun was fired from Fort Sumter. The guns on the ramparts were not fired, the soldiers could not maintain their position, as the bursting shells and grape were scattered like hail over them, driving the artillerymen under cover.

From the iron battery, at Cumming's Point, a continuous fire was kept up. Its rifled cannon played sad havoc with that portion of the fort facing it. The firing from the floating battery was also very regular.

Standing on the battery at Charleston looking seaward, you have on the right the shorter battery and Fort Jackson nearest the city. At a distance of two miles and a half, and only a mile and a half from Fort Johnson, is the iron battery at Cumming's Point, mounting three ten inch Columbiads, three 64-pounders, three mortars and one rifled cannon. Cummings' Point is only 1500 yards from Fort Sumter, and it can well be imagined what havoc the regular fire created when directed against the walls of the fort. The men working the guns were perfectly protected by the sand redoubts, which was scarcely injured by the weak fire Major Anderson directed against it. The battery was commanded by Major Stevens, of the Citadel Cadets. Under his direction, each shell found its destination within Fort Sumter, and during the entire bombardment, scarcely one missile of this character missed its mark. On the other side of the harbor stands Fort Moultrie, presenting one of its strongest sides to Fort Sumter.

During the past three months this side has been strengthened by every appliance that military aid could suggest, and its moat, glacis, embrasures, etc., perfectly protected the weak walls of the old fort, and made the gunners secure while at work. From this point throughout the engagement, vast numbers of hot shot and heavy balls were discharged. Behind the point of Sullivan's Island, nearest to Charleston, the floating battery was stationed, with five 64 and twelve pounders, with its impenetrable side of iron and palmetto logs, while every shot from it told. The men were so secure in their position, that they indulged in the soldierly pastime of cards, and five cent ante, euchre and bluff were played by those off duty at the guns. The mortar battery at Mount Pleasant is 600 yards from the floating battery, and mounts two mortars, which were in good range of Sumter. From this the shells were thrown with great precision.

The reader now has all the positions of the works bearing directly upon Fort Sumter, which, throughout Friday morning, were all in activity.

Anderson's barracks were three times set on fire, and twice the flames were extinguished, but to accomplish this, there was a necessity to employ all his force in drawing water, and to do this it was necessary that some of his men should go outside of the walls, and after filling the buckets, hand them to those within, through the port-holes, exposed to the terrific fire of the batteries. This expedient was not resorted to until the fire had broken out the third time, and the flames had got to an alarming pitch, and in the meantime his guns were silent, while his enemy's were active. The men were not allowed to be exposed but a few minutes, but were ordered in when the shot from the batteries became too thick.

At noon the flames burst from every quarter and many of the port holes.

Proclamation by the President.

SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILITIA TO BE CALLED OUT.

A SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS TO ASSEMBLE ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the laws of the United States have been for some time past, and are now, opposed and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings or by the powers vested in the Mrshals by law,

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth the militia of the several States of the Union to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress the said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed. The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the war department. I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort, to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our National Union and the perpetuity of the popular Government, and to redress the wrongs already long enough endured.

I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth, will probably be to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union, and, in every event, the utmost care will be observed consistiently with the objects aforesaid to avoid any devastation, any destruction of or interference with property or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country.

And I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date.

Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both Houses of Congress. The Senators and Representatives are therefore summoned to assemble at their respective chambers, at 12 o'clock, noon, on Thursday, the 4th of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom, the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Dated the City of Washington, this 15th day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States, the eighty-fifth (Signed) By the President,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

GOV. CURTIN'S MESSAGE.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
HARRISBURG, April 9, 1861.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

GENTLEMEN: As the period fixed for the adjournment of the Legislature is rapidly approaching, I feel constrained by a sense of duty to call your attention to the condition of the military organization of the State. It is scarcely necessary to say more than that the militia system of the State, during a long period distinguished by the pursuits of peaceful industry exclusively, has become wholly inefficient, and the interference of the Legislature is required to remove its defects, and render it useful and available to the public service. Many of our volunteer companies do not possess the number of men required by our military law, and steps should be forthwith taken to supply these deficiencies. There are numerous companies, too, that are without the necessary arms, and of the arms that are distributed, but few are provided with the more modern appliances to render them serviceable.

I recommend, therefore, that the Legislature make immediate provision for the removal of these capital defects; that arms be procured and distributed to those of our citizens who may enter into the military service of the State, and that steps be taken to charge the guns already distributed, by the adoption of such well-known and tried improvements as will render them effective in the event of their employment in actual service. In this connection, I recommend the establishment of a Military Bureau at the capital, and that the militia laws of the Commonwealth be so modified and amended as to impart to the military organization of the State the vitality and energy essential to its practical value and usefulness.

Precautions such as I have suggested are wise and proper at all times in a government like ours. But especial and momentous considerations, arising out of the condition of public affairs outside the limits, yet of inclamable consequence to the people and demanding the gravest attention of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, invest the subject to which your action is invited by this communication with extraordinary interest and importance. We cannot be insensible to the fact that serious jealousies and divisions distract the public mind, and that in portions of this Union, the peace of the country and the safety of the government itself, is endangered.

Military organizations of a formidable character, which seem not to be demanded by any existing public exigency, have been formed in certain of the States. For whatever pretexts these extraordinary military preparations may have been made, no purpose that may contemplate resistance to the enforcement of the laws will meet sympathy or encouragement from the people of this Commonwealth.

Pennsylvania adheres to no State in her respect for, and her willingness to protect, by all needful guarantees, the constitutional rights and constitutional independence of her sister States, nor in fidelity to that constitutional union, whose unexampled benefits have been shared alike upon herself and them. The most exalted public patriotism, the clearest obligations of true patriotism, therefore, admonish us, in the existing deplorable and dangerous crisis of affairs, that our militia system should receive from the Legislature that prudent attention which public exigencies, either of the State or the Nation, may at any time demand, and which may seem in your wisdom best adapted to preserve and secure to the people of Pennsylvania and the Union, the blessings of peace and the integrity and stability of our national and constitutional government.

The government of this great State was established by its illustrious founder "in deeds of peace." Our people have been trained and disciplined in those arts which lead to the promotion of their own moral and physical development and prosperity, with the highest regard for the rights of others, have always cultivated fraternal relations with the people of all the States devoted to the Constitution and the Union, and always recognizing the spirit of concession and compromise that underlies the foundation of Government. Pennsylvania offers no counsel and takes no action in the nature of a menace. Her desire is for peace, and her object the preservation of the personal and political rights of citizens, of the true sovereignty of States, and the supremacy of law and order. Animated by these sentiments, and indulging an earnest hope of the speedy restoration of those harmonious and friendly relations between the various members of this confederacy which have brought our beloved country to a condition of unequalled power and prosperity, I commit the great subject of this communication to your deliberation.

(Signed) A. G. CURTIN.

Mr. Ball moved that the message be referred to a select committee of five, to meet a similar committee from the Senate, to prepare and report a bill, which was agreed to.

THE VIRGINIA COMMISSIONERS

The following is the reply of Mr. Lincoln to the Virginia Commissioners:

HON. MESSRS. PRESTON, STUART AND RANDOLPH—Gentlemen: "As a committee from the Virginia Convention, now in session, you present me with a preamble and resolutions, in these words:

Whereas, in the opinion of this Convention, the uncertainty which prevails in the public mind, as to the policy which the Federal Executive intends to pursue toward the seceded States is extremely injurious to the industrial and commercial interests of the country, and tends to keep up an excitement which is unfavorable to the adjustment of the pending difficulties, and threatens a disturbance of the public peace: Therefore—

Resolved, That a committee of three delegates be appointed to wait on the President of the United States, to present to him this preamble, and respectfully ask him to communicate to this Convention the policy which the Federal Executive intends to pursue in regard to the Confederate States.

In answer, I have to say that, having at the beginning of my official term expressed my intended policy as plainly as I was able, it is with deep regret and mortification I now learn that there is a great and injurious uncertainty in the public mind as to what that policy is and what course I intend to pursue.

Having yet seen occasion to change it, it is now my purpose to pursue the course marked out in my inaugural address. I commend a careful consideration of the whole document as the best expression of can give of my purposes. As I then and therein said, I now repeat:

"The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what is necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere."

By the words "property and places belonging to the Government," I chiefly all

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, April 17, 1861.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"OUR UNION," by H. W. J., though very patriotic, is declined.

"MISS PRIMROSE," an amusing satirical sketch in rhyme, by Dr. W. S. H., we have filed for early publication.

THE WAR.

The treason which was hatched in the Senate of the United States, and treacherously aided by Cabinet officers of the late administration, has culminated now into active war against the National Government and the people of the United States. Beginning with treachery and robbery, the violation of oaths, the betrayal of trusts, and everything that is disloyal and dishonorable, its next step is the commencement of civil war. Already, the audacious rebels, whom a triumph over less than a hundred half-starved men has elated with extravagant hopes, talk of establishing themselves at the capital of the country. The Secretary of War of the Confederate usurpation has announced this as part of the programme, and his speech has been received with shouts from his secessionist auditors. Already the Secessionists in Virginia are celebrating the "victory," and the Confederate flag, it is reported, is flying over the Capitol at Richmond. With Virginia and other border States strongly sympathizing with the revolutionists, or only held to a half support of the National Government through dread of making their territories the seat of conflict, and not through any cordial attachment to the Union, or any patriotic national impulses, we should not be surprised to see an immediate attempt made to put this audacious threat in force, and to see the traitors in Virginia inviting them and aiding in their purpose.

In this lamentable condition of affairs, what is the duty of the Administration? We know not what course it has marked out for itself, or what sufficient preparations are made by it to hold its position securely in Washington. The Administration ought to be best advised of its danger, and what is required of it in this emergency, and possibly has taken measures which it may deem sufficient for its security. It has sounded the military of the States which can be depended upon for defence and has got offers of aid. But this force ought at once to be called into the service of the United States and hurried on to Washington city as if an attack was certain every moment. Fifty thousand volunteers should be called into the service of the National Government and be so placed that they could, under any circumstances, be within a few hours reach of the capital. Ten thousand of them should be placed in that city, whether Maryland and Virginia like it or not. A proclamation should be issued calling upon all the Union men of the country, north and south, to hold themselves in readiness to support the Government and the laws. An army of observation should be established at available points, to strike wherever a blow will tell the best the moment that the secession rebels make a single aggressive movement against the Government.

It is idle to pursue the temporizing and procrastinating policy in hopes to preserve the Union by conciliation alone. It has been tried and it has failed, for every concession has only been replied to by fresh insults, and renewed preparations for still greater aggressions. During the whole period that the secessionists have been decrying coercion, they have been steadily preparing for war, and now that they have made their plans complete, they have thrown off the flimsy disguise of defensive preparation, and boldly proclaim their purpose is offensive war against the National Government.

In the face of such facts as these, it is a criminal neglect of our duty any longer to delay being prepared to strike when the encounter does come, and to strike such a blow for our country as will make its enemies quail, and treason and rebellion forever hide their heads. The Government should act vigorously, act promptly, and act for success. Thoroughly prepared for the worst emergency, we shall find success an easier task.

We see by a despatch from Washington that President Lincoln is about to call for 75,000 militia, and that the forts seized upon are to be retaken. This last announcement may be erroneous. The Government ought not to stop to renew the miserable quarrel over forts of no consequence to hold, when the harbors which they fortify can be blockaded. Fort Pickens is an essential position to hold, for while that is in the possession of the Government, it has an avenue open for military operations into the very heart of the Confederate States, should future events require such movements in vindication of the Republic.

FORT SUMTER.

Never was a greater excitement produced in Philadelphia than by the news on Saturday of the assault upon Fort Sumter and its subsequent surrender. Persons could not realize the fact that a fort so strong could be taken in so short a time without producing more mischief to those who were assailing it, and when it was announced that no one was injured by all the firing, disbelief of the news was very generally expressed. The intelligence substantially is confirmed by despatches received yesterday, published in another column. We do not pretend to explain the apparent inconsistencies which fuller advices may reconcile, but accept the main facts as true. Fort Sumter has pulled down the proud flag which has floated so long over its walls, and Major Anderson and his little band are prisoners in Charleston. War offensive and unprovoked has been inaugurated by the Confederate States against the government and people of the United States, and we must prepare for its realities.

The whole story of Sumter seems like such a wanton outrage, such a breach of faith on the part of the people of Charleston, that one may well ask whether the secessionists mean in any of their transactions to be governed by the ordinary rules of honesty, honor or fair dealing. So soon as the result of the Presidential election was known, measures were taken to get possession of the property and fortifications in the harbor of Charleston. These measures forced Major Anderson to evacuate Moultrie and put his command in Sumter. This act greatly enraged the Charlestonians, who had themselves, notwithstanding their promise to President Buchanan, intended to take immediate possession, and who did seize upon all the other property in the harbor immediately after this movement. They pretended to believe that the President had broken a promise, given by Floyd, that the condition of affairs between the parties should not be changed at the fort, and yet they had made every preparation to do so. So soon as they possessed the other fortifications they began at once to strengthen them and to erect batteries at every available place. In the effort at pacification no attempt was made to interfere with this employment, nor to supply Sumter, which at that time was practicable. Every act of the Government indicated peace, yet every movement of the secessionists pointed to war. At last it was resolved to send provisions to Sumter, and the result is before the country. If this act were intended as an evidence of governmental rigor, it ought to have been accompanied with a force sufficient to see it executed. If it could not be accomplished successfully, it ought never to have been undertaken. If it were a stratagem only to draw the secessionists into war, future events will determine how wise a proceeding it was. At present it gives the prestige to the revolutionists, and that prestige not only emboldens them to greater offensive acts, but it inspirits all the enemies of the Union to renewed assaults upon the Government and the Constitution which has protected them so faithfully for three-quarters of a century.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.—They are trying hard to get additional recruits at New Orleans for the Confederate army. The New Orleans Delta, by way of stimulating the military ardor of the young men, says, "hostilities may commence at Pensacola, and the victory be won, before they will have time to get there." We infer from this that the Confederate army intend to be a little more industrious in the pursuit of victories than they have been. Still, it is possible that the new recruits, with becoming diligence on their side, may get to the scene of warlike operations before victory is won, and fighting all over. If they do not, they need not regret. Fighting against the Government of the United States, which has hitherto so faithfully protected them, is not exactly the kind of business that history will glorify.

THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF DEATHS in Philadelphia for the week ending on Saturday, the 13th inst., was 280—110 adults and 170 children. There were 42 from consumption of the lungs, 21 from inflammation of the lungs, 22 from small pox, 31 from scarlet fever, 14 from debility, 12 from convulsions, 6 from diptheria and 5 from palsy.

THE PROSPECTS OF TRADE.

The dullness of the Spring Trade has its basis in the loss of the Southern business, and in what there is of it taking *new forms and channels*. And yet more than nine tenths of the present stagnation arises, not from this, but from the unsettled state of things, and from no one knowing what is going to happen. Laying aside the fabulous calculations of De Bow, it is quite safe to assert that the Southern trade in Northern cities has been to the amount of one hundred, if not one hundred and fifty millions a year. This season it is and will be cut off fully one-half, and at least three-quarters of it from the usual channels. Instead of old accounts being paid up or satisfactorily adjusted in negotiable paper, and new purchases made in the same channels of trade, the old accounts have been left without settlement, and the money of the present cotton crop has gone to purchase war materials and supplies of food and clothing for the soldiers from entirely new houses. All this disturbance of trade from its ordinary channels is about as bad for credit as the complete loss of trade. It may have the effect, indeed, of making merchants in future careful how they extend, but it will be death in the meantime to those who have done business in the ordinary and careless fashion.

All this, however, would not account for the present stagnation. This arises from want of confidence in the future. Everything just now that assures us of a firm and stable government will tend to restore confidence and build up trade. If we were going to drop to pieces, like the Mexican Government, of course every one would want to fill his pockets with gold, and thus provide against the coming wreck. But the ordinary routine of business would be broken up. New furniture, new goods of any sort, would not be in demand. A *very* slight approach to this state of things on the part of each is sufficient to produce a diminution of trade equal to one or two hundreds of millions more. There is something in commercial panics very much like, in their effects, their more physical counterparts. For as the blood in cases of fright leaves the surface, and concentrates around the heart and vital centres, so in business at such times, the circulating medium, gold, clogs the centres, while the circumference is bare, and the circulation of it in trade is impeded.

In the West, however, the immense harvests of last season have had a strong tendency to draw money out and restore the equilibrium, so far as that portion of the country is concerned. Indeed, the agricultural portion of the community in this State never were so brim full of wealth as at this moment.

Western trade, therefore, and country trade, show strong signs of a revival, and directly things become settled, those are the quarters in which business will soonest expand, and that beyond all former proportions. It will, however, take years before the present feeling in the South will allow business so far to resume its former channels, under the most favorable circumstances, as to make trade with the South as safe and extensive as it has been. Wise men will, therefore, push their business in Western directions, or develope the interior. And if many who can would employ their capital now unemployed in developing the land and cultivating farms, their money would be more safely and better invested, and they would have more peace of mind and health of body than they are likely to acquire just now in any other branch of industry.

THE OIL BUSINESS.—This business in the western part of this State appears to be growing very largely. Every Pittsburg paper we open has an account of new "strikes," and the receipts of oil at that place daily are very large. In the Franklin oil district there are one thousand wells sunk; they are usually from one hundred to two hundred feet deep. For sinking a well and supplying pumping machinery, the expenses are said to be from $1000 to $1500, exclusive of the lease of the land, for which the charge is usually very high. Notwithstanding the energy with which the business is pushed, it is still doubtful if it pays the interest upon the large investment of capital made in it. According to the Erie Dispatch, not one well in twelve yields oil in sufficient quantities to pay for the pumping, and of this reduced number not one in six proves really profitable.

THE WORLD'S EXHIBITION.—Lord Lyons calls Mr. Seward's attention to the exhibition to be held in London in May, 1862, to which contributions from the industry of all nations are invited. The general conditions of the exhibition will shortly be published, the present being only an announcement to direct public attention to the fact.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, Mr. and Miss Richings continue their engagement through the present week. This, Wednesday evening, is set apart for a complimentary benefit to Mrs. Garretson, the present lessee, and reported future owner of the theatre.

At the *Arch*, Mrs. John Drew announces her benefit for the same night. Some other benefits of the stock company are also announced. Mr. Booth concluded his engagement, which was a very good one, on Saturday evening last.

At the *Olympic*, Mr. McDonough continues the "Seven Sisters," and having introduced into one of the acts an entire piece called "Uncle Sam's Magic Lantern," the attraction of the piece is increased, and the audiences more than ever delighted. At this house, too, there is a benefit on Wednesday evening—the door keeper presenting his claims.

The *Stereopticon* is one of the most pleasing, refined and instructive exhibitions ever offered to the Philadelphia public. Those who have sojourned in Italy and travelled through Switzerland, and seen the many things there so beautiful in art and in nature, should not fail to see the exact counterparts of the same objects and scenes as shown by the Stereopticon.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Messrs. Lane and Pomeroy have been elected U. S. Senator from Kansas.

.... The Albany Argus thinks that the custom of "encoring" is as ill-bred as calling twice for soup.

.... The Presidential liveries are handsome mulberry colored cloth overcoats, and silver-lace hat-bands.

.... The Legislature of Missouri has just passed the death penalty for stealing horses and negroes.

.... The Administration has at last found a man who will accept the appointment of Marshal of Eastern Virginia.

.... Mr. Randolph, the Secession delegate from Richmond to the Virginia Convention, is a grandson of Thomas Jefferson.

.... Ripe strawberries were on sale at New Orleans on the 1st inst., and the Pic. is as pleased as Punch about it.

.... The Empress of the French is about to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. She is religiously crazy about her sister's death.

.... He who sets up a carriage at the suggestion of his vanity, generally sets it down at the suggestion of his creditors.—*Prentice*—who stole it from *Gil Blas*.

.... John Morrissey, the pugilist, is reported to be dead. It is said that he died on Saturday morning, in New York, of putrid sore throat.

.... The New Orleans Delta advises the coinage of cents by the Confederate State Government, with the head of Jefferson Davis on them.

.... Mrs. Lincoln is very fond of gardening, it is said, and the grounds around the Executive Mansion are being tastefully arranged by her orders.

.... Mrs. President Lincoln has ordered the United States coat of arms engraved on all the plate she has bought for the White House.

.... They put the cigarettes in New Orleans up in wrappers, each having a print of the Confederate flag on it. End in smoke, &c.—chance for a joke.

.... Diamonds as well as gold are said to be found in the mines of Georgia. One of these gems was sold by the finder for ten cents, and disposed of in France for eight hundred dollars!

.... When George F. Train opened his street railway in London, he gave a "turtle lunch" at St. James' Hall, and invited representatives from every class in society—Palmerston and Spurgeon among the number.

.... Fernando Wood is said to be in trouble with his wife, the pretty daughter of millionaire Mills. The rumor runs that Fernando ageed to settle $100,000 on his wife; but that, since the wedding, the money is not forthcoming.

.... A cowhiding affair took place in Washington last week. Lady insulted—false friend—indignant husband. False friend was taken into the back yard and whipped severely. When asked why he did not resist, he replied that he felt too guilty to resist the castigation.

.... Col. Hoe, while he was in Paris, concluded not to have his press patent renewed. The papers in that city are such slow coaches they don't need double cylinders. The Moniteur, however, concluded to adopt the Colonel's advice to stereotype their forms instead of setting duplicates as was its custom.

.... Mr. James Robb, special Master in Chancery, for that purpose appointed, advertises in the Illinois State Register that he will sell under a decree entered in the Macoupine Circuit Court, the St. Louis, Alton & Chicago Railroad, and all appurtenances, fixtures, &c. Sale to take place May 22, 1861, in the city of Springfield.

.... In excavating for the temporary grave of the Duchess of Kent a small opening was made into the vault which contains the coffins of Henry VIII and one of his queens, Lady Jane Seymour, also the coffins of Charles I and an infant Child of Queen Anune. The coffins, and even the crimsons on which are placed the coronets, were in a tolerable state of preservation, and the spear-hole in the coffin of Henry VIII, said to have been made by one of the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, was clearly discernible.

COST OF LIVING IN LARGE CITIES.

It has often been shown to what exorbitant charges the denizens of large cities are subjected in procuring the necessaries of life in the articles of bread and meat. Provisions of all kinds are proportionately high, when we consider the prices formerly paid for such articles, and compare them with those now current. Fifteen years ago, twenty-five cents a bushel for potatoes was considered to be a large price, but now people are compelled to pay three and four times that sum, or go without them. Fifteen years ago, good beef could be purchased for six or eight cents per pound, and now no dealer will take less than ten to fifteen cents per pound for the medium pieces. At that time, too, flour was worth eight and nine dollars per barrel, yet good bread was sold by the bakers for three cents per pound, while now superfine flour can be purchased for five and a half dollars per barrel, and bread has advanced to five cents per pound. Rents for dwelling-houses have gone up nearly one hundred per cent. in the last fifteen years, and nearly everything else to be bought or hired has come up in proportion, and still we find that the people who depend upon their labor for their subsistence, and who live in rented houses, do not receive any greater remuneration for their services now than they did then. If people at that time were unable to make more than a bare subsistence, how is it possible for them to live now? This is a question more easily asked than answered, unless we have a response, in the numerous thefts, burglaries, robberies, murders, and prostitution, visible on every side. That the prices charged for the necessaries of life are extravagant and ruinous, we have heretofore shown in two specific cases, and with figures we propose to show up the monstrosities of trade in other matters. Potatoes have not sold for less at retail in our markets for the last two or three years than one dollar per bushel, and the average price has been one dollar and twenty cents. New a farmer thinks that he is getting a small crop from his land if he does not receive at least seventy bushels of potatoes to the acre. Let us see what the raising of the crop costs, and in making up the bill we take the figures of an agricultural writer of well known ability:—

Interest upon land at $100 per acre	$7 00
Ten loads of fertilizers, at 60 cents per load	5 00
Service of team, plowing, etc., three days, at $2 50 per day	7 50
Labor of servant 16 days, at $18 per month	9 00
Board of servant	6 00
Two bushels seed potatoes, at $1 12½ per bushel	2 25
Hauling to market, $2 50	2 50
Use of implements, and tare, say	5 00
Total cost	$44 25

Here then we have a total cost of producing seventy bushels of potatoes, allowing liberally for everything for $44 25, which sell in the city market for $63 30, a gain of nearly one hundred per cent. It will be seen that land is reckoned at $100 per acre, but every one knows that to be at least fifty per cent. higher than the lands are held in the country, and nearly every other item in the bill is proportionably high, and we risk nothing in asserting that a profit of one hundred and thirty per cent. is made somewhere between the producer and the consumer.

Then again in the single article of milk. An ordinary dairy cow is computed by dairymen to yield twelve quarts of milk per day, for the year. This milk sells in market for six cents per quart, which gives as the proceeds from one cow in one year the sum of $252 80. Good milch cows can be purchased for from $30 to $40 each, but taking them at the highest price, we have these figures:

First cost of animal	$40 00
Interest on $40	2 80
Pare	10 00
Provisioning one cow per year	25 00
Labor in milking, etc.	20 00
Total	$97 80

leaving a profit of $155 to each cow, or one hundred and fifty per cent. between the producer and consumer. Startling as these facts are, they are, nevertheless, true. Crowded as the large cities are with those who are unemployed, the show of profits in the two items of flour and milk here presented should induce them to look to the country, and there resolutely cultivate the soil.

FORT PICKENS.

The interest that was concentrated upon Fort Sumter, at Charleston, is transferred to Pickens, which the Federal forces have reinforced, it is to be hoped, in sufficient numbers to prevent a similar catastrophe as that in Charleston harbor. The number of batteries directed against Pickens is very large, and Sumter shows how soon a fort may be reduced when a fire from numerous batteries with improved guns is concentrated upon it. The rebel force before and near Pickens is from five to six thousand men. A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta says Fort Pickens, at the first blush, by no means looks the formidable place that it has been described; but when one carefully examines the various approaches, it has rather the effect of cooling any very ardent desire to make one of the party to obtain possession. The fort itself is not a high one, having but one tier of guns besides those mounted on the barbette. On the land side there is a rise in the ground which reaches to the very top of the wall, and there it is that the uninitiated fancy that it would be the easiest thing in the world to successfully storm the place; but fancy their astonishment when, having reached, under a heavy fire, the top, to find a moat intervening, with a width of 40 feet, and sufficiently deep to float a man-of-war. From the manner in which men look to their arms and discuss the various supposed feasible plans for entering Pickens, things wear a somewhat ominous aspect for Lieut. Slemmer and his men.

LITERARY RECORD.

Etiquette of Riding. Rudd & Carleton: New York.

This is a reprint from a London work, under the title of "Habits of Good Society," and is really one of the best hand-books issued from the press in many years. It has much useful information on the exercise of equitation, which should be known by every lady and gentleman that rides out. We compile some of its hints. The first thing is to dress suitably. Avoid too fine a dress, such as patent leather boots, and for a coat wear a cutaway instead of a frock. Let the stick or whip be simple, with no gold head or flummery about it. For the country a plain bone handle; for the city a common riding whip, or an ordinary walking stick, mounted simply with silver. In all other respects your dress should be that in which you walk. A lady's riding suit should consist of a neat hat, round or slouched, with a long sweeping feather on one or both sides. In winter it should be of soft felt, in summer a fine straw. The style institutes the grace, and renders it either a most becoming or a most tawdry feature in the riding dress. The habit should be well fitted to the form, with white collar of fine lawn; with deep cuffs beneath the sleeves, with gauntlet gloves of thick leather, and no ornaments, save perhaps a delicately-twisted whip. Compactness and utility are the requisites for the riding dress. There is danger in having too long a skirt in the riding habit; it is apt not only to alarm horses, but to entangle, in case of accidents, their fair rider. A lady should never ride alone. The gentleman should assist the lady to her seat in the saddle, after obtaining her consent. The lady should gather up her skirts in her left hand, place herself as close as possible to the horse, with her face towards the animal's head; with her right hand on the pummel. The gentleman should place himself at the horse's shoulder, with his face toward the lady, and stooping a little, place his hand horizontally at a convenient distance from the ground. The lady places her left foot in it, and with a spring, and the gentle aid of the gentlemen, is in her saddle. When seated the gentleman should offer to put her foot into the stirrup and give her the reins Mr. Rarey teaches a gentleman to mount without the use of the stirrup, and on either side of the horse. But this mode is not generally practically practiced. The rule of the road need not be observed in riding as in driving, but the gentleman should always ride *to the right of the lady*, lest you risk crushing her feet. Your own, of course, you must not care about. This last rule, long and even now disputed, settles the question on which side the lady should ride. To be a good rider requires confidence. If you have this, ease will soon follow, but without much practice, a rider will always be more or less stiff in his seat. A lady should be careful to sit straight in the middle of the saddle, with her face full toward the horse's head. Whatever the motion of the animal, she should attempt to cling as closely as possible to the saddle. Austrian officers pride themselves on being able to trot for a mile with a glass of wine in one hand, and not spill a drop of it. In England, riders rise in trotting, as a relief to themselves and the horse, but this is not done in any other country, save perhaps in America. The first rule is to rise, not from the stirrup, but from the knees; the second, to rise as little as possible. The man who "shows daylight" between himself and his saddle is a bad rider. A lady should rise even less than a man, and neither of them should lean over the horse's neck, nor hold the reins in both hands. The etiquette of the road is that when you meet people whom you know on horseback, you have no right to turn and join them, unless invited to do so. If you overtake them, on the other hand, you have a right to ride with them; but if you are not wanted, you will be careful about exercising the privilege.

The North American Review, for April, has been received by W. B. Zeiber. It contains several valuable papers, but probably none that possesses more interest for the general reader than that entitled, "Documentary History of the Revolution." Another article of special interest in this number is that entitled, "Slavery, its Origin and its Remedy."

.... When Francis II and his wife were leaving Gaeta they actually became locked in each other's arms for an hour. "My King," she said; "My Queen," answered the unfortunate young man. "There's a citadel here," he cried, pressing his lips to her heart, "that Sardinia cannot rob me of." Affecting, wasn't it?

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

Later from Europe.

THE Fulton arrived at New York, yesterday, with Liverpool dates to the 3d inst.

Queen Victoria will receive the Marquis of d'Azeglio, as the King of Italy's Ambassador. The Federal Council has made a similar declaration to the Turin Minister, at Berne.

It is asserted at Berne that Garibaldi has summoned his officers residing in Switzerland, to be ready to assemble at his summons, within fourteen days.

The concessions granted by the Czar have not satisfied the people of Warsaw, and the concentration of the military continues. Unarmed citizens, as constables, patrol Warsaw.

The Emperor of Austria has rejected the democratic programme of the Hungarian leaders, who demanded the absolute separation of the Hungarian Administration from that of Austria. The Emperor intends abiding by the reforms already granted.

Riots have taken place in Russian Poland.

It was expected that no change in the Bank of England's rate of discount would be made before the 9th inst.

The cotton market was unchanged, with sales of 11,000 bales, on the 1st and 2d inst.

Breadstuffs were dull, and quotations were barely maintained.

Consols, 91¾ a 91¼ for money, and 91¾ a 91⅞ for account.

Martial Law to be Proclaimed at Washington, &c.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—The President's proclamation gives great satisfaction here. All classes of people thoroughly commend its spirit, and the belief is universal that the government will be supported amply and enthusiastically in any possible emergency that can arise.

Martial Law will be proclaimed in the District of Columbia in a few days.

The Cabinet is in session this morning. Every member of it is in terrible earnest. The President's hands are strengthened in every way. No officer of his Cabinet hesitates for a moment. The war has begun and the issue will speedily come.

All the members of the Cabinet unite with the President in the declaration that the conflict is inevitable. The infamous assault on Fort Sumter precludes the possibility of further concession, compromise or warning. Rebellion must be punished, and treason be put down.

The President's call to-day for seventy-five thousand men, will soon be followed by a call for *one hundred thousand more;* and that will be followed by a call for still another hundred thousand. There are abundant assurances that not only these two hundred and seventy-five thousand men will be placed at the command of the President, but that twice or three times that number can be had at any moment, should it be found necessary.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, had an interview with the President at an early hour this morning, and offered him the immediate services of a force of one hundred thousand men from Pennsylvania.

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, is momentarily expected here, to make a similar offer on the part of his own State.

These are indexes of the popular sentiment.

Fort Pickens to be Attacked.

General Beauregard Ordered to Pensacola.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—A despatch, just received here from one of the leading secessionists in Charleston, states that General Beauregard, who commanded the Confederate forces during the attack on Fort Sumter, has been ordered to Pensacola.

It is further stated, on the same authority, that the batteries of the Confederates will be opened on Fort Pickens to-morrow (Tuesday.) The Government, however, has received information from Pickens to the effect that that post was reinforced last night. It is stated that large supplies of provisions and a considerable number of men were thrown into that port last week.

There are not wanting rumors here to the effect that this intelligence of the movements of Beauregard may, after all, be a blind to cover a descent upon Washington. The anxiety here is intense.

California—Election of U. S. Senator.

FORT KEARNEY, April 14.—The Pony Express passed here at one o'clock this afternoon, bringing San Francisco dates to April 3d.

James A. McDougall was again elected United States Senator on the 2d inst. He received 77 votes, Mr. Nugent 39, and the balance scattering.

The Republicans and most of the Douglas members supported Mr. McDougall.

Mails to be Stopped.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—Papers are now preparing at the Post-office Department ordering the mails in South Carolina and other seceded States to be cut off immediately.

The Requisitions for Volunteers.

Sixteen Regiments from Pennsylvania.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—The following are the requisitions of the President upon the Governors of the several States for military to act in the maintenance of the Union:

	Regiments.		Regiments.
New York	17	Minnesota	1
Pennsylvania	16	Iowa	1
Illinois	6	Michigan	1
Indiana	6	Delaware	1
Missouri	4	Connecticut	1
Kentucky	4	Rhode Island	1
Ohio	3	Vermont	1
Tennessee	2	New Hampshire	1
Massachusetts	2	Maine	1
Wisconsin	1		

Seventy-five regiments in all, of one thousand men each.

The War News in the West.

CHICAGO, April 14.—The news of the surrender of Fort Sumter created a profound sensation here. It was at first discredited, but when later despatches arrived confirming the previous reports, the excitement was intense. All parties express a determination to uphold the Government in enforcing the laws and maintaining the supremacy of the nation.

DETROIT, April 14.—The war news creates a profound sensation. The unanimous sentiment of the State is, that the position assumed by the Government must be maintained.

An impromptu meeting of the members of the Detroit bar and influential citizens was held yesterday afternoon, composed of all parties. They passed resolutions denouncing the rebellious organization called the Confederated States, and declaring their intention to stand by the old flag at all hazards.

At other meeting of the citizens will be held to-morrow night.

Interview between Douglas and the President.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—Senator Douglas called on the President to-night, and they had an interesting conversation on the present condition of the country. The substance of it was, on the part of Mr. Douglas, that while he was unutterably opposed to the Administration on all its past issues, he was prepared to sustain the President in the exercise of all his constitutional functions to preserve the Union, maintain the Government, and defend the Federal Capital. A firm policy and prompt action were necessary. The capital of our country was in danger, and must be defended at all hazards and at any expense of men and money. He spoke of the present and the future without reference to the past.

Lincoln was very much gratified at the interview.

New York for the Union—Twenty-five Thousand Men to be Called Out.

NEW YORK, April 14.—Advices from Albany state that Governor Morgan will to-morrow issue a call for twenty-five thousand men, for the assistance of the Federal Government.

A private letter from Governor Curtin states that Pennsylvania can furnish one hundred thousand men and have them in Washington in forty-eight hours if required.

David D. Field has gone to Washington on an invitation for the purpose of consulting with the Administration.

Arrest of "Jasper" of the N. Y. Times.

NEW YORK, April 14.—Information has been received that the Charleston correspondent of the New York Times, who signs himself "Jasper," has been arrested as a spy in Charleston. He was confined for a time and then ordered out of the State. He is on his way North.

Extra Session of the Illinois Legislature.

CHICAGO, April 14.—Governor Yates will issue a proclamation to morrow, calling for an extra session of the Legislature, to meet at Springfield, one week from next Tuesday, the 23d instant.

VIRGINIA STATE CONVENTION.

The War Sentiment—Despatch from the Governor of South Carolina—Non Committal Speech by Gov. Letcher—Threatened Invasion of the North.

A communication from the Governor enclosing a despatch from Gov. Pickens, dated April 13, giving an account of Friday's bombardment, was received. Gov. Pickens says: "Not a man in our batteries was hurt. The fort was furious in its fire on us. Our iron battery did great damage to the fort's south wall. Our shell fell freely in the fort and the effect is supposed to be serious, as they are not firing this morning. Our Enfield batteries have dismounted three of his (Maj. Anderson's) largest Columbiads. We will sink the fort, and can sink the fleet if they attempt the channel. If they land elsewhere we can whip them. We have now near seven thousand of the best troops in the world, and a reserve of ten thousand on the railroads. The war is commenced, and we will triumph or perish! Please let me know what Virginia will do."

Gov. Letcher replied that "the Convention will determine."

Mr. Wise offered a resolution, in view of the late information, recommending the people of Virginia at once to unite in the defence of their institutions, and make common cause with the Confederate States.

No action was taken, and the Convention adjourned.

It was openly stated in debate that the Southern army would march through Virginia to the North, and thousands would join them.

Mr. Early said that this would be an invasion which should be repelled.

There are great rejoicings here over the news. A hundred guns were fired and Confederate flags are displayed at many points. Illuminations and music are the order.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 14th, 1861.

The excitement in the public mind, growing out of the stirring events at Charleston, is fearfully intense. All Saturday afternoon, business, in the lower part of the city, was almost totally suspended, merchants, bankers, brokers, and everybody else, thronging the newspaper offices, to hear the latest bulletins from the seat of war. The Corn Exchange was well nigh deserted; at the Broker's board but few operators were to be seen at the second session, while bank parlors, counting rooms, and warehouses were all closed at an unusually early hour. Almost everybody had a newspaper in his hand, and the sole topic of conversation and remark was the bombardment, and the calamitous consequences likely to flow from it.

A large number of our most eminent and wealthy citizens had an informal meeting this afternoon, at the New York Hotel, for the purpose of considering the propriety of calling a public meeting, to consider the crisis, and the duty of New York in regard to it. No conclusion was reached, but another conference will be held to morrow.

The Government is said to have chartered several additional steamers at this port, yesterday, to be fitted out immediately with military stores, it is supposed, for Fort Pickens. The Vanderbilt and Ocean Queen were wanted, but the owner asking more for the charter than the Government contractor was willing to give, the negotiation was broken off.

The President's reply to the Virginia Commissioners is very generally interpreted, as showing a determination on the part of Mr. Lincoln to live up to the Inaugural, and that therefore, the secession of Virginia must be looked for as a certainty at an early day. People are making up their minds to that result.

The effect of the news in the general money market, was to suspend nearly all operations. The supply of capital is now become a burthen while the opportunities for the safe and profitable employment of it appear to be daily diminishing.

There were several auction sales of dry goods, in the course of the day, the most of which were poorly attended; but, prices, as a general thing were without improvement. One house had an opening sale of Paris shawls, a large portion of which were passed, and the few lots that were knocked down, went at prices anything but satisfactory to the importers. Ribbons and millinery goods are hard to sell at any price.

Died, on Saturday, at his late residence, in East Twenty-sixth street, Richard Pennell, M. D., in the 63d year of his age. Deceased was a well known physician, and much respected citizen. He was the father of the Rev. George Pennell, Assistant Minister of Calvary Church.

The East Methodist Conference, on Saturday had the eternal "negro" up again, in the shape of two reports from the committee. One (the majority) approving the action of the late General Conference, vindicating the anti-slavery character of the church; the other, (minority) declaring that the voidance of the rule, at present, is not desirable. On motion the minority report was tabled (53 to 42) and a running debate followed, ending in also laying the majority report on the table, thus riddling the Conference of the whole subject.

On Saturday *forty protests* were served on the Collector of this port against the payment of duties under the new Tariff. The difficulties arising out of the state of affairs at the South have led to a very decided expression on the part of our merchants, and the following clause of the Constitution is given as the basis of these protests.

"All duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States," and "No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another."

The matter has been submitted to eminent lawyers, and their opinion is unfavorable to the protesting parties.

The shipments of specie for the week amounted to $323,906, of which $78,000 was taken by the Africa on Wednesday, and $38 800 by the Kangaroo to-day for Liverpool. The residue was sent to the West Indies and South America.

The foreign trade of the port, for last week, was trifling, compared with that of previous seasons, as witness the following returns from the Custom-house, showing the entries for the week, and from 1st of January to date, compared with 1859 and 1860.

For the Week.	1859	1860.	1861
Dry Goods	$3,461,956	$1,572,104	$1,210,07
General Merchandise	2,294,824	2,830,321	1,603,91
Total for the week	$5,756 8?7	$4,322 425	$2,853,994
Previously reported	61,628,938	66 631.233	50,644 374
Since January 1st	67 385.735	71,023 708	53,498,368

The payments at the Sub Treasury amounted to $488,797 16; receipts, $2,255,971 87; balance, $488,797 16. Of the receipts, $42,000 was from customs.

As was to be expected, the Charleston news had a very depressing effect on stocks. The border State bonds sold at a decline of from ¼ to 2 per cent, while the speculative Railways ran down from ½ to 3¼ per cent. The fall in Reading was equal to 3¼, and in Pacific Mail, 3¼. After the Board the feeling was greater, and at the Second, meeting with but little disposition to do business, prices were steady, the general market, however, leading off very much excited. Government Stocks, at both Boards, were firm and for the most part higher.

COTTON continues quiet and quotations are unchanged.

FLOUR.—The demand for Western and State Flour is quiet and prices are lower, owing to the exciting news from the South. 4000 barrels changed hands at $5 20 a 5 27 for superfine State and Western; $5 35 a 5 40 for extra State; $5 45 a 5 60 for low grades of Western extra, and $5 60 a 5 70 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour continues active; 2600 barrels were sold at $5 20 a 5 65 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $5 70 to $7 20 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is steady, at $3 30 a 5 05. Corn Meal is selling at $3 20 a 3 25 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat is firmer. The sales are light, and were made chiefly last evening—sales of 13,500 bushels at $1 28 for red State, and $1 30 for Milwaukie Club in store. Barley Malt is quiet at 86a88 cts. Oats are better and in fair demand at 35a36 cts. for Western and Canadian, and 36a37 cts. for State, the inside rate in store. Corn is quite firm, but in moderate demand, owing to the inclement weather. Sales of 31,000 bushels at 60a62 cts. for new Northern yellow; 63a64 cts. for New Jersey do.; 61a61¼ for new mixed Western at the railroad depot; 63 for do. delivered; 67a67½ for old mixed in store; 68 cts. for do. delivered, and 71 cts. for white Southern.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is heavy. Sales were made at $13 for prime, and $17 50 for mess. Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

WHISKY.—Is in fair demand; 475 bbls. were sold at 18a18¼ cts.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The war news was very exciting on Saturday, the crowds all along Third street to Walnut kept several police officers busy in keeping a way open for passers. Of course, there was very little done in the stock market. Prices generally showed a decline and the market closed very heavy. Only some $7000 of loans, and about 1100 shares sold. City 6s declined ¼; Pennsylvania Railroad 6s ¼; Pennsylvania State 5s ¼, and Lehigh Valley Railroad 6s ¾. Reading Railroad bonds were ¼ a ½ lower. With two or three exceptions quotations showed a decline. Pennsylvania Railroad shares were steady, as were also Morris Canal preferred, Camden and Amboy Railroad, and Lehigh Navigation shares and loans. There was not a sale of local bank shares, and the quotations were weak. One sale of Race and Vine Street Railway shares was reported at 11—a decline of ½. Reading Railroad shares, which are now the leading fancy stock in this market, fell off 1¼ on the sales of the previous day. A good deal of money has been lost and won on this stock within the last few days, still operations in it continue large.

Exchange on England is advancing, and probably we have had nearly as much coin from that country as we shall have for a long time. Our stock of specie is large and the supply from California unabated, with a probability of a steady increase

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OUR COUNTRY'S CRISIS.

BY H. H. M'NETT.

Clouds, dark and thick, o'er our country are driving,
The future looks cheerless and cold:
The demon of discord is busily striving,
In war's dread embrace to infold
States once in love's holy communion,
Connected by many a tie,
To weaken the bond of our union,
And cause it to languish and die.

Our statesmen, instead of removing
The causes of trouble now rife,
By their actions too plainly are proving
Incentives to forward the strife.
They of parties and platforms are prating,
Though ruin's abroad in the land,
In each section the other berating,
Envious of Cain's fatal brand.

Tyranny's minions in nations down-trodden,
Would rejoice to behold our confusion and fall,
'Twould increase all their prospects of longer defranding
Their people of freedom—God's gift to all.
Full well they know that if by our example,
We verify what they long have foretold,
On liberty's rights they longer may trample,
And closer their people in bondage infold.

On us the oppressed of all nations are gazing,
To us is self-government's issue decreed,
If we fail, o'er the world, liberty erasing,
Long ages of tyranny and woe will succeed.
If over our land gleams war's red beacon,
And liberty's fires in blood extinguished be,
To future ages in eloqnence speaking,
Our example will prove that man may not be free.

Oh, God of our fathers, may reason returning,
In place of stern passion, again hold sway,
Remove each vile prejudice our bosoms now burning,
Restore to our country prosperity's day.
In love and good will may the States of our nation,
By passion's stern dictates no longer led,
'Mong the powers of the earth still hold their high station,
The watchword of freemen—of tyrants the dread.

Canton, Pa., 1861.

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WEEDS.

The Philosophy of their Destruction, and Green Manuring.

The art or best mode of destroying weeds embodies far more philosophy than most persons imagine. For destruction is the opposite of existence or life. And therefore to destroy a living thing quickly, it is essential for us to know wherein its vitality mainly consists, and how or in what way we may the most successfully attack and bring this vitality to nought. And this is just as true of vegetable as it is of animal life. The vital power of every tree and every plant is diffused throughout every portion of the plant, but its roots, buds and leaves form its most vital parts. And hence cutting off the roots of a tree or plant will effectually destroy its life, and so will the removal of all of its buds. And the removal of all of its leaves from time to time as they appear will also end in the certain death or destruction of the tree or plant. And why is this so? Simply because the roots, buds and leaves are just as necessary to the life and growth of a tree or plant as the heart, stomach and lungs of animals are to their life and growth. Some weeds perpetuate themselves in the soil by their *roots*, or through the mere division or slips of their roots, when such roots are cut or divided into parts through the action of the plow, harrow, spade, or the like, as we have already seen in the case of the *Live-For-Ever* weed and the *Wire or Couch Grass*. And in order to destroy weeds of this nature, we must attack and *remove every vestige of their roots and nullify their vital powers*. The *elder bush* propagates itself both through its seeds and by the division of its roots. And hence the grubbing up of this bush, unless you remove all of its roots from the soil, only increases the number of its stalks and so actually makes the matter worse instead of better, as many a farmer has ascertained to his sorrow. The best way of killing off this bush is to break off the whole of its bushy top and then strip off all of its buds and leaves as often as they appear from its body or stem, as every successive growth of leaf will be weaker and weaker until its power of forming buds and leaves is entirely gone. So some, and indeed most of our weeds propagate themselves through the scattering of their *ripened seeds*. And, therefore, in order to ensure the destruction of this class of weeds, we must see to it that we destroy them *before* they have commenced forming their seeds. And this brings up another very important inquiry, and that is when do our various weeds form and ripen their seeds? I answer—some grasses, herbs and weeds grow up and ripen their seeds in one and the same season, and hence they are called *annual* plants. Others again only form roots, stems and leaves the first year, and do not run to seed until the second year, and hence they are called *biennial* plants. Others again do not produce seeds until the third or fourth year, or even later, and hence they are called *triennial* or *perennial* plants. And so every farmer ought to be so much of a botanist at least as to know the plants that grow upon his lands, and also when they ripen their seeds, whether annually, biennially, triennially or perennially. And then "taking time by the forelock," he ought to destroy them while they are yet in blossom, or even before it, so as to avoid all danger of their continuance upon his grounds by self-seeding or otherwise. And if this is carefully done, all of the weeds that now trouble him will die a natural death, that is, pass away of their own accord in one, two, three or more years, accordingly as they are of an annual, biennial, triennial or perennial nature. To dig up and remove all the roots of those weeds that propagate themselves through and by their roots is utterly impossible, and therefore we must resort to some other mode for their destruction. And the best way of destroying them is to keep them from vegetating by cutting off their stems and leaves as fast as they appear, until the vital power or living principle of thir roots is killed. And if the weeds in question are too numerous for us to do this by hand, our next best way of destroying them is to plow them down and put in a hoeable crop, or sow the ground thickly with the seeds of some grasses, or of plants and grasses mixed, to be plowed down when of a proper growth as a green manurial crop.

I have thus shown you *when* weeds are injurious, and also *why* they are injurious upon our farm grounds. I have also shown you wherein their vitality or living power chiefly consists, and our quickest or best modes of getting rid of weeds. But many of these same grasses and plants, which we give to the name of weeds when found growing in and among our regular farm crops, may, under proper culture, be very beneficial to our grounds. For they in growing absorb and retain, both from the air and from the soil, a very large amount of the elements that make and are necessary to make a soil fertile. And hence the sowing and growing of the mixed seeds of these grasses and plants until they have attained the requisite density and growth, and then plowing them down as a green manurial crop, cannot but invigorate and improve our failing and worn out soils. Some of your writers, I know, have hooted at this idea and spoken very disparagingly of it, but they have as yet not shown me one single, solitary good reason me to induce to change my opinion. And he who wants to reason me out of it must, as I have already remarked, satisfactorily prove one or the other of two things, to wit: either 1, that such grasses and plants contain *no* manurial matter whatever in their composition, or 2, that it is *impossible* to sow and grow together and plow down these grasses and plants without their producing an after-growth of their own species in the shape of weeds. For I shall continue to hold this mode of green vegetable manuring to be sound, consistent with the principles of philosophy and easily and safely reducible to practice, until one or the other of these two points is clearly proved. So let those who are opposed to this theory, and who are fond of argument, proceed to give me the desired proof if they can.

February, 1861. A PENNSYLVANIAN.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CASSABAR MELON SEED.

Since the appearance of my offer in the "Newspaper" of the 27th ult., of the Cassabar Melon Seed, I have been in the daily receipt of letters from all quarters requesting a few of the same, and any amount of information in regard to their appearance, size, culture, &c., &c. As it would be impossible for me to answer their numerous questions seperately, I have concluded to beg of you a small space in the "Newspaper," which they all say they are readers of, to give my mode of culture.

I would first say, the greatest disadvantage we labor under here, is the dampness of our soil, which prevents it from working as early in the spring of the year as is desirable for the production of good melons. The ground should be heavily manured, deeply dug, and well pulverized. Make the hills eight feet apart, by digging holes two feet square by one and a half deep; fill one-third full with recent horse stable manure, the balance with a compost made as follows: good garden loam two parts, road sand one part, with three pints of hen manure for each hill, well mixed together. The hill should be slightly raised; plant five or six seeds in a straight east and west line, and cover it with a box, without top or bottom, some six inches high, and long and wide enough to be covered by two 8x10-inch panes of glass. The box should incline slightly towards the South and be imbedded a little in the ground. This plan protects the plants from early frost, as well as that greatest of enemies, the striped bug, but I presume is unnecessary in many places. I plant early in April, say, 10th or 15th, for early fruit, and 1st of May the balance, which of course requires no glass or boxes. The color of the melon is dark-green at first, gradually changing to a light brown as it comes to perfection. Shape is oblong. My largest one, produced last year, weighed 7¼ pounds, measured 13 inches in length and 14 in circumference. There should be left but three plants in each hill, and they should not be planted near any other variety of Cantaleup, if pure seed are wanted.

GEO. A. ELSTON.
Pennington ville, Pa.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

STOCK AND DAIRY FARMING

In Northern Pennsylvania.

There is a large area of land, in this section of country, to which little attention has hitherto been paid. But farmers on the look-out for land at a reasonable price, and with easy access to the great Eastern markets, are gradually finding out that here is a great opening for men of moderate means, who can secure desirable "homesteads" at no more actual outlay, in the end, than the expense of procuring one in the great West, with the great advantage of a healthy climate, and the comforts of older settled regions. There are hundreds of half-cleared farms at $20 per acre. In Bradford and Susquehanna, nearly all that were in the market have been bought by farmers from northern New Jersey, and southern New York, and the price of land has more than doubled in two or three years past. Others are now making their way into Tioga. It is to this country that I invite the attention of persons proposing to go into the grazing and dairy business, and of young farmers, and others working hired farms, the rent of which, in a few years, would pay for a farm in this country, out and out. This region is particularly suited to the raising of stock, and the pure soft water, abundant and sweet grasses, and high, salubrious atmosphere, make it a region unrivalled for the production of the very best of cheese and butter. The upland meadows are little affected by the droughts that parch up a level country, and the heavy dews and frequent rains give a constant growth and freshness to the grasses, and impart a delicious flavor to the dairy products.

The soil is a *clay-loam*, containing not more than stones enough for drains, &c.

Farming here has generally been carried on by a very thriftless system, and quite too much lumbering done. "Going down the river on a raft" was formerly a regular part of the year's programme. Of course, the proper season for putting fences, and things generally, in order was lost, as also for getting in early crops. So the man would just get home in time to put in a few potatoes, and a few bushels of buckwheat, &c., and then "rub along" through the warm weather, till the time for "getting out logs" came again. The country still suffers from the shiftless, desultory, improvident habits of a lumbering population. one great evil of which lies in an unlimited credit at the stores belonging to the mills, and which always bring the workmen in debt at the end of the season. The consequence is, these men are all behind-hand—some owing yet for their farms!

All, with the restless spirit of the Yankee race, are ready to sell; buy another farm or "go West"—though the Western fever does not prevail so extensively as formerly. Recent developments have dispelled the halo surrounding that paradise on earth, and even Tioga has sent her mite to feed and clothe starving Kansas! Still, a very small sum is sufficient to induce them to part with their "improvements," and they will give place to a more energetic and enlightened class of farmers, who will appreciate the capabilities of their unrivalled and inexhaustible soil, and bring a change over the face of the country.

The average winters of this latitude are mild, compared with those of New England and northern New York. There are seldom snows over a foot in depth, and cattle and sheep thrive in yards, with open sheds; some, who call themselves farmers, do not shelter them at all, "to make them tough!" The country is full of provender this spring, and if fat cattle are scarce, it will not be because oats and corn are not plenty and cheap.

Oats have been 20 cents—are now about 25. Corn 50. Hay $8 per ton. Wheat $1 25 per bushel. Our county has raised her own bread this season. Two years ago, the imported flour formed an important item of railroad freight. This region has access to the Northern and Eastern markets by the Tioga Railroad, which connects with the New York and Erie at Corning. The Williamsport and Elmira Railroad, sixteen miles east of the Tioga, gives an outlet to Philadelphia, and other Southern cities. I must not omit to add, that this region presents great inducements to the "wool-growers" of the country, and those who desire to embark in that business. The abundant pastures, and moderate winters give great success in the raising of sheep, either for market or for the fleece. This section of Pennsylvania presents a region of country, well worth the inspection of persons desirous of investing their means in property not fluctuating in value, which is the character of these dairy lands, and they can be reached with ease, and at small expense.

A writer in the New York "World," says, in relation to these and similar tracts: "Confined as they are to a limited area, and their products always in demand, with a continually extending range of markets, they must continue among the most permanent of our landed estates, in their steadiness of production. * * * Centuries of use will scarce decrease their fertility in the continuous yield of grasses, stored as they are with their natural phosphates and humus."

Mansfield, Pa., 1861. M.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SOWING GRASS SEEDS.

There is a diversity of opinion about the proper time for sowing grass seed. Some contend that winter sowing on wheat land, either on the bare surface, or when the ground is covered with snow, using seed in the chaff, is best; while others prefer sowing with spring crops. Well, I have tried both methods, and with success; and yet it may be a matter of speculation in some localities.

I have obtained the best results, however, in setting grass and clover on old lands by sowing with oats early. The ground is left mellow from the harrow, and if the grass seed is sown after the harrow, and a light brush passed over it, it vegetates quickly, and takes root before the oats are cut, to sustain it during the heat of summer, and the frequent drouth in the fall.

If the ground is well plowed and thoroughly harrowed, little complaint will ever be heard of grass seed being killed, or of its not coming up. In a soil thus prepared, the minute seeds find all things necessary for a quick and healthy germination and rapid growth. The air, light, heat, and moisture are admitted in such proportions as the seeds require to give them a sure and early start. By this method little or no loss is sustained in seed, while a good crop is quite certain, let the succeeding season be either wet or dry. A little care and labor will always *pay*.

The principal grasses raised are timothy, blue grass, orchard grass, and red-top. Timothy is preferable for hay, but it does not do well on wet land. On our flats and marshes red-top seems to delight. Cattle eat it with avidity, though it does not contain the nutriment that timothy hay of the same bulk does, it being much lighter. Blue grass, for pasture, is preferable to all others on dry lands.

Washington, Ind., 1861. FARMER WEST.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TRAINING COLTS.

It is of great importance to those farmers who raise their own work-horses to have them correctly trained. We know that many farmers permit their young colts to run almost wild until they attain the age of two, and, in some cases, three or four years. When they need an extra horse they then "break in" a colt, and oftentimes by this mode of procedure cripple the animal, besides breaking harness, vehicles, and sometimes severely injuring their own persons. My object in the present article is to offer a few practical hints which, being observed, the accidents above enumerated may be avoided. It is very essential to the usefulness and value of a horse that he be correctly *trained* while a colt. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," therefore colts should be *educated* rightly if we desire to have good, trustworthy horses. When young, the horse has a very imperfect knowledge of his own strength, and consequently can be trained with ease by appealing to his intelligence without brute force. Nevertheless this process requires both time and patience. Many persons think that the first thing to be done in training a colt is to put harness on it and hitch it to a wagon, plow or perhaps a sulky. This is an egregious mistake, and is, in fact, making a *beginning* where they should, by rights, *end*. The first thing which should be done in the training of a colt is to teach it to lead. Having secured the colt in a stable, approach it gently holding a *leather* head halter in your left hand. With your right hand lightly rub its forehead and neck, but don't put your hand about his nose, and you can easily fasten the halter all right. This done, fasten a long rope, which you should have ready, to the halter; pull gently, and if he tries to pull back and run from you, give him more rope, and he will never rear or throw himself; yet you will be holding him all the time, and actually doing more towards gentling him than if you had the power to hold him in one place; because he does not know anything about his strength, and if you do not do anything to make him pull back he will never know that he can. In a few minutes you can control him with the halter, and shorten the distance between yourself and the colt by gathering up the rope in your hand. Now as to the leading: don't go before and try to pull him after you, but gently pull him to one side; he will easily yield; then caress him, pull again, and thus repeat the operation until you can pull him around in any direction and walk about the stable with him. You can then take him out and lead him about as you please.

More anon. PHILAGROS.

Washington County, Pa., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PEAS.

The raising of white peas, as an article of food for winter use, does not meet with that attention which, in my opinion, it ought to. True it is, their culture has been attempted with some success in New York and in Ohio; but the farmers in both those States abandoned the subject when they found that the peas were infested with bugs. A remedy for that inconvenience is now discovered, and therefore that circumstance need not deter any one from attempting the raising of peas. If any one wishes to try the experiment, the following can be relied on as accurate directions: Plow the soil tolerably deep and harrow it, then sow the peas at the rate of a bushel to the acre, if sown broadcast, and plow them in with a one-horse plow, not covering them more than four or five inches deep at the farthest. If peas are sown thick, they are more apt to stand up, being a support to each other, and the time for putting them in is about the time for sowing oats, or directly after, though later than that will answer. In England the practice is to drill them, as that gives them an opportunity to hoe the weeds down between the rows, which there are put double, with about fifteen inches between each set, the double rows being six inches or so apart. Peas grow best on dry soil, and a dry season is no barrier to their growth, and as they are an early crop, compared with corn, when ripe, the hogs can be turned into a field of them, and will commence to fatten on them finely before the corn crop is available. This crop can be mown with a scythe or cut with a cradle, and dried in cocks like hay, and then tramped out by horses, or thrashed with a flail. What are desired for table use should be thrashed out as soon as possible, and put immediately into a tub and covered for one minute with scalding-hot water, and by this means the bugs will be destroyed, but peas which are infested with bugs will grow nevertheless. (See Patent Office Report, 1849, 1850, p. 341.) A bushel of peas is worth more in a family than the same quantity of white beans, and if properly cooked with a piece of fat pork or bacon nothing can be nicer. We have seen it stated that from twenty-five to thirty bushels of peas can be raised to the acre in Illinois. x,

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

GRAPEVINES.—*Bloomsburg.*—If the Malaga Grapevine of "J. L. R." should have been ruined or exhausted by want of attendance, viz: trimming and pruning, it can be restored thus:

Shorten the whole vine to such a small quantity of bearing wood, that only from six to ten shoots will be produced, the nearest the roots the better. Train these to suit into thighs, and trim and form good, strong-bearing wood upon the thighs. It may be grafted in different ways, but as root-grafting, on account of the bleeding, is difficult, because it can't well be done in winter when the vine would not bleed, that mode described in No. 10, "Dollar Newspaper," 1858, is to be preferred. The grapevine may also be dusted with the pollen of another vine, if the flowers of the unproductive one are perfect, or have stamens and pistils, both being in blossom at the same time. The fructifying one of course will have to be heavier *loaded*, i. e., more bearing wood left. The seeds from the last process will produce new varieties. H. Z.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

BOILER PLATE JOINTS.—Experiments were made some time since, in England, on the strength of boiler-plate joints, the result of which led to the general conclusion that, in riveted boilers, the thicker plate is also stronger because it is thicker; but subsequent, and it is believed more careful and accurate experiments, show that three-eighths inch riveted plates are practically as strong as seven-sixteenths or one-half inch riveted plates. There would appear, therefore, to be no advantage in the selection of plates, as usually riveted, of greater thickness than three-eighths inch for boilers. The relative strength of different forms of three-eighths inch rivet joints have been found to be thus: Single-riveted lap-joints, sixty per cent. of the strength of the entire plate; double-riveted lap-joints, seventy-two per cent.; double-riveted single-welt joint, sixty-five per cent. The double-riveted double-welted joints, of one-half inch plates, were found to have eighty per cent. of the entire strength; and three-eighths inch plates so jointed would doubtless be found to have an equally large per centage of strength. The strain, indeed, is applied in the centre line of the plates without leverage, and the joint should have the same per centage of strength for any thickness of plate. The ultimate strength of double-riveted single-welt joints, is sixteen and one-fourth tons per inch; of double-riveted lap-joints, eighteen tons per inch; and of single-riveted lap-joints, fifteen tons per square inch of section. In round numbers, the working strengths of best boiler plates are thus: Yorkshire (Eng.) plates, per square inch of entire section, eleven thousand pounds; Staffordshire (Eng.) plates, nine thousand pounds; American plates, fourteen thousand pounds; American ordinary plates, twelve thousand pounds; cast steel plates, eighteen thousand pounds. In the order of strength, the joints range thus: Scarf-welded joint, one hundred; double-riveted double-welt joint, eighty per cent.; double-riveted lap-joint, seventy-two per cent.; lap-welded joint, sixty-six per cent.; double-riveted single-welt joint, sixty-five per cent.; single-riveted lap-joint, sixty per cent. These are for plates not more than three-eighths inch thick, with straight joints.

MECHANICAL PECULIARITIES OF COTTON.—A peculiar characteristic of cotton is the uniformity in the length of its fibre. Different varieties have a fibre of different lengths, that of the Sea-island cotton being long and fine. The average of upland cotton is about three-quarters of an inch, and the variation between the length of the different fibres of the same variety is less than one-fourth of an inch. Other materials, as hemp, have a much longer fibre, which is convenient in coarse work, but will not answer for the purposes to which cotton is applied. In the manufacture of cotton, it is passed through a series of pairs of rollers, each revolving twice as rapidly as the next before it, which draws it out to a great length, and with uniformity. No other fibre can be drawn out upon that principle to the same extent. After being passed through the rollers once, a dozen or more threads are placed together and passed through again—and so on, until each ultimate strand of cotton thread has been passed through several thousand times. The adhesiveness of cotton gives it strength, and enables it to be drawn out to extreme fineness. The filaments of cotton are from half-an-inch to two inches in length, and less than the two-thousandth part of an inch in diameter. By means of a powerful achromatic microscope, it may be seen that, while the fibres of flax are cylindrical and jointed like a cane, those of cotton are flat, not jointed, and twisted similar to a corkscrew; this corkscrew form is peculiar to cotton

THE COPAL OF COMMERCE.—Much information has appeared, from different sources, concerning this somewhat ill-understood product, of late years. It is now known that there are three different kinds of copal in commerce, and yet nothing is known of their distinguishing characteristics. There is the East Indian and West Indian copal, and, under the latter name, two very different substances. The East Indian, called also the African, is more colorless, soft and transparent than the others; it forms a fine surface, and furnishes the finest varnish.

Copal is too hard to be scratched by the nail, whence the excellence of its varnish. It has a conchoidal fracture, and is without smell or taste. Fused copal possesses different properties from the substance in its solid state, for it may then be made to combine with alcohol and oil of turpentine. When exposed to heat in a glass retort over a spirit lamp, it readily melts into a liquid, which being further heated, boils with explosive jets. A viscid, oily-looking matter then distils over. After continuing this process for some time, the copal blackens in the retort. Copal dissolves in ether, and this ethereous solution may be mixed with alcohol without decomposition. Caoutchouc acts very slightly upon it by an experiment, even at the boiling temperature of this very valuable fluid.

SEA SOUNDING.—One of the methods proposed for sounding the sea is that by means of an electro-magnetic apparatus. To the bottom of the hammer of a bell is attached a piece of soft iron, which is placed opposite an electro-magnet, it being so arranged that, when the communication between the coils of wire round the magnet and galvanic battery is completed, the magnet attracts the iron and holds back the hammer. As soon as the connection is broken, the magnetic power ceases, and the hammer, acted on by the spring, strikes upon the bell. This part of the apparatus is intended to remain on the deck of the vessel when the soundings are made. The insulated wires from the galvanic battery, properly protected from the action of water, serve for the cord to which the weight is to be attached. When the pressure of the weight bears on the hook, the electrical current is interrupted, and the magnet keeps the hammer from the bell; but when the weight rests on the ground the connection is broken, the attraction of the magnet instantly ceases, and the hammer, being thus liberated, is forced against the bell by the spring; in this manner is indicated the moment when the weight reaches the bottom of the sea. Owing, however, to obvious causes, such an apparatus cannot be relied on where the water is very deep.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MORNING PASTIMES.

At early dawn, my soul, awake,
And with the whole creation take
A glorious, active part, to make
The God of wisdom known.
Behold the earth embraced with light,
Behold the sky a mirror bright,
The dawn of day, oh charming sight,
A fragrant rose just blown.

With eager steps would I repair
To inhale the sweets of morning air—
To view the rising sun so fair—
A token of my God.
In robes of light he rides on high,
And while his cloudy chariots fly
On wings of wind athwart the sky,
He pours his wealth abroad.

Oh, may the spirit of his love,
Like dews descending from above,
Inspire my soul each day to move
Obedient to His will.
That when He makes these mornings cease,
And bids this mortal part release,
My soul, oh may he whisper "peace,"
Let all thy fears "be still."

Then spring the bars of morning sleep,
And from the couch of dullness leap,
Health, vigor, beauty, wisdom reap,
At every rising sun.
A thousand beauties cheer the sight,
Unnumbered echoes wing the flight,
To inspire the soul with fresh delight,
The race of life to run. J. H. W.

Hamilton County, O., 1861.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YANKEE ALADDIN.

Aladdin began by swapping jack-knives and getting the best, and bartering halves of marbles stuck together for whole ones. When he grew older, and sold berries which he picked on the hill pastures, he greased the quart pot, so that a little capital was carried forward to the next measure. He hayed hard all summer, and went to evening schools in winter, and learned the golden rule of arithmetic—addition for himself, subtraction for his neighbor; and in all the games he held strictly to the rule of Turnabout: "You tickle me, and I ll tickle you—if I can; but at all events, you tickle me."

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain, which meant that he always succeeded in exchanging the worse for the better; always keeping the blind eye of a horse to the wall when he wanted to sell him, and always looking straight at it when he wanted to buy him; and the approving village shook its head, and said, "Let Aladdin alone to succeed."

He grew up and left the village for the world. "He'll be rich," said the village, with more enthusiasm and envy than any village says of a departing boy, "He'll be honest, faithful, generous." To Aladdin the whole world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no beauty, no heroism, no piety, no history. To him all lands and waters are alike. No Homer sings for him along the Ægean; he only curses the wind that will not blow him to Odessa. No sirens call to him from the sunny shore; he loves the sharp oath of a brutal boatswain.

With a Bible in his hand, and a quid in his mouth, he squirts about the holy places of Jerusalem, and calculates the cost of the sepulchre. He scratches his name with a jack-knife upon Egyptian obelisks, by the side of the hieroglyphed names of Rameses and Tothmes, names that shook early history with their grandeur; and the reverend echoes of the Libyan desert, that have slept since they heard the shout of Alexander's army marching to find the oracle Ammon, are awakened by the shrill whistling of Yankee Doodle and Old Dan Tucker.

He insults the Grand Lama, hobnobs with the Great Mogul, turns his back upon Emperors, and takes a pinch of snuff out of the Pope's snuff-box. He eats flesh cut raw from the animal with Abyssinians, chews bang with the Arabs, smokes opium with the Turks, and rides for a bride with the Calmuck Tartar.

Then Aladdin comes home. He has turned his goods and his opportunities over and over again, and they are all turned into piles of money. The wise village welcomes him, and proudly points him out to the Aladdins of a younger generation, as the shining example of the successful man. "For, my dear son, just think of it! He began with nothing, and now look!"

My dear son does look, and he sees Aladdin owning millions of dollars, and of all the Doing-good Societies he is chief director. His name is as good as gold. He has bought pictures, and books, and statues. He is housed in luxury, and he pricks his mouth with a silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he boasts that he never reads anything but the newspapers. He goes to church twice on Sundays, and only wakes up when the preacher reviles and denounces the sinners of Sodom, and those tough old Jews of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny with all the sermons that have hit it and glanced off. He clasps his hands in prayer, but forgets to open them when the poor-box is passed round; and he goes home like a similarly successful man, thanking God that he is not as other men are; and after dinner lights a cigar, sits before the fire in an easy chair, and tells the children to remember that honesty is the best policy, and looks sleepily at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By and by old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are called over by the editors, as the mourning carriages are called out by the undertakers. The papers regret that they are summoned to deplore the loss of the revered parent, generous friend, public-spirited citizen, and pious man. Then the precious swapper of jack-knives, and model for the rising generation, is left under the sod. The stars that he never saw now burn over him with a soft lustre that no lamps above a king's tomb emulate; and the south wind, for whose breath upon his hot brow he was never grateful, now strews his last bed with anemones and violets, which his heel crushed while living. And the men who are to be formed upon that model, and pursue a similar success, carelessly ask, as they stir their toddies, "So, old Aladdin is gone at last; will he cut up well?" The sculptor carves a cherub upon his tombstone and graves the motto, "By their works ye shall know them," while some quiet Charles Lamb, with insanity in his family, asks, as he reads Aladdin's epitaph, "Where be all the bad people buried?"—*G. W. Curtis.*

A VIRGINIA PANTHER FIGHT.

"William and Henry Rudolph and myself started in the winter of 1851 on a deer hunt, the snow more than knee-deep. We started up different ridges, all leading to the top of Paddy Mountain. After I had gone a short distance I got upon a very large bear track, (as I supposed.) I seemed to plow through the snow just like a horse. I halloed for the boys; and when they came up they agreed it was a bear. We followed on the track. Did not go far before we saw where it had torn up a deer. We thought it was one the bear had found dead, but soon discovered we were mistaken. It had eaten all the flesh. We saw several smaller tracks around the spot—as we afterwards concluded those of the female panther. We kept along the top of the mountain, and could see where it would go into den after den of rocks, in and out. Followed on till near dark, when we 'denned' it. It was a desperate looking place—oh, most terrible!

"We concluded we had better go home and next morning get some dogs, when we would have some fine sport. We had a fatiguing time getting home, tired enough, and after night. Early next morning we started with five dogs, and got to the top of the mountain by sunrise, (six or seven miles.) When we reached the place we found the animal had come out, and the small one with it. We followed their track. They entered and left several dens. As you may guess, it was tiresome work to us. They seemed to travel on the very roughest and most rocky places. We still thought them bear. The track turned and seemed to come back another way. At last it stopped and went in the rocks.

"We were awfully tired and the sun nearly down. We made an examination. Desperate looking place! the rocks very high and straight as the wall of a house. The track went around at the base of the cliff, then came to a lower point and got on top. Then it jumped down into a hole between the rocks six feet deep and perpendicular. I lay down and peeped over. At the bottom I could see a crack in the side, where the beast had gone in.

"Operations began by letting one dog down. He barked, and a growl answered that sounded like the loudest thunder beneath us. Then all the dogs jumped down; and such a growling and such a barking you never heard! We could hear the claws against the rocks. One small dog got well at him, and had four holes bitten into him you could put your finger in. We still thought it was a bear and would come out, and kept our guns cocked and pointed. It became clear that we must get the dogs out. So we helped William down. He handed up the dogs. They out, all was quiet and nothing to be seen. We pulled William out, but let him down again to look in the crack at the animal. We had to let him down headforemost, and hold by the ends of his trowsers. William reports: 'I see his eyes. They are wide apart, and big as a silver dollar.' 'Oh, says I,' you are scared.' 'No I ain't; I can see his head, but can't tell its shape. Take me up. I am sick.' His position throwing the blood to his head.

"So I was put down. Saw his eyes; saw a little light from the crack; saw it was no bear. My head soon suffered like William's, and I had to be drawn up. Rested a little. I was again put down with a stick to move away the loose rock and widen the crevice. I did so, and made out the color, the short head, and great width between the eyes—head like a tiger and color of a doe. I could only stay long enough to note this, and was again drawn up. Late as it was, and almost broken down as we were, we had short time to parley. There was but one plan. Two must be let down with one gun—one to hold it and the other to aim and pull trigger.

"William and I went down together, our weight partly supported by the sides of the well-like opening and partly by Henry's hold of our trowsers. I had to hold the gun upside down, and sight under instead of along the top of it, being inverted myself. All this passed in less time than it takes me to tell you, as it was impossible to endure the position long. We got the gun pointed. 'A little higher, a little more to the right! A little higher yet! *Pull!*' The echoes of the cavern made the report like that of a cannon.

"We didn't stay down longer than we could help after firing. Henry pulled vigorously, and with the aid of our hands on the rock were soon up. For a little while we could hear the panther struggling in his blood. We let down a dog. No noise followed. Then I was lowened. I saw the game was dead. I crawled in as far as I could. A barrier of rock obstructed me. Over this I reached my arm and got my forefinger in his mouth, but could not move him. Drawn up again, I took my tomahawk and cut some pieces of wood to clear away the snow. This done, we succeeded in finding a place where the rock could be to some extent moved. A pole with a hook at the end was prepared. This we managed to fasten in his hind legs and pulled him out.

"It proved to be a male panther of immense size, *nine feet and one inch* from noose to end of tail, fat and very heavy. Late as it was, worn out and far from home as we were, we wished to carry him home bodily. Tried to shoulder it, but failed. We took off the skin with the paws and scalp, and hung the carcass on a tree. Henry said he had seen the small one escape through the rocks beyond.

"The following spring some government man came along, and said he would give me five dollars to show him the frame of the panther. We went. He found all the bones, put them in a bag, and took them away. And that's the end of my panther hunt."—*Harper's Magazine.*

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

In overhaulin' one of my old trunks the other day, I found the follerin' jernal of a vyge on the starnch canawl bote, Polly Ann, which happened to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the Brite Lexington of yooth, when thar aint no sich word as fale) on the Wabash Canawl:

(Mondy 2 P. M.) Got under wa. Hosses not remarkable frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under 'em before they'd start. Started at larst very suddent, causin the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf my pins. (Saler frase.) Several passenjers on bored. Parst threu deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn, and other projuce in the fields. Surblime scenery. Large red heded gal reclinin on the banks of the Canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

Toosdy—Riz at 5 and went up on the poop deck. Took a grone person's dose of licker with a member of the Injianny legislater, which he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin threu the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shouted,

"Sale hoe!"

"Whar away?" hollered the capting, clearing his glass (an emty black bottle, with the bottum knockt out) and bringin it to his iggel eye.

"Bout four rods to the starbud," screamed the boy.

"Jes so," screeched the capting. "What weasel's that air?"

"The Kickin Warier of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you!"

"I, I sir," hollered our capting. "Reef your arft hoss, splice your main jib-boom, and hail your chambermaid! What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" said the capting of the Warier.

"Wall, I reckon. He kin eat more fride pork nor any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's an ornament to his sex!"

"Wall," continued the capting of the Kickin Warier. "Wilyim got a little owly the other day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of hisin, and bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court 'us whar Old Judge Perkins was a holdin Court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why he actooally fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court?"

"What do you think of that!" asked the capting of the Warier, as he parst a long black bottle over to our capting.

"The county is indeed in danger!" sed our capting, raising the bottle to his lips. The wessels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased couch at 5 minutes parst 10.

Wensdy—Riz arly. Wind blowin N. W. E. Hevy sea on and ship rollin wildly in consekents of pepper-corns havin bin fastened to the forrerd hoss' tale.

"Heave two!" roared the captain to the man at the rudder, as the Polly giv a friteful toss. I was sick and sorry I'd cum. 'Heave two!' repeated the capting. I went below. 'Heave two!' I hearn him holler again, and stickin my hed out the cabin winder, *I hev.*

The hosses becum dosile eventually, an I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splender, disregardless of expense, and lively Natur put on her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, institoots of learnin and other evijences of civilizashun, incloodin a party of bald-heded culled men who was playin 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms.

"Take sum of this," sed the Capting, shovin a bottle tords my plate. "It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent Tonic!"

I declined the seductive flooid.

Thursdy—Didn't rest well last night on account of a uprore made by the capting, who stopt the Bote to go ashore and smash in the winders of a grosery. He was bro't back in about an hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes bein swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passenjers all risin up in their births, pushin the red curtins aside & lookin out to see what the matter was.

"Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly stile, my misguided frend?" sed a sollum lookin man in a red flannel nite-cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

"Wall, the fack is," sed the capting, rising hisself on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejoiced agin that grosery for sum time. But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet yer life?"

He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passengers, sed "Bless you, bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventually we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, bef the iron hoss was foaled. This was bef steembotes was going round bustin their bilers & sendin peple higher nor a kite. Them was happy days when peple was intelligent & wax figgers & livin wild beests wasn't scoffed at.

"O dase of me boyhood
I'm dreamin on ye now!"

(Poeckry.) A. W.

—*Vanity Fair.*

A GAMING STORY.

The following story is told by a German paper of a young man who had squandered at the gaming table of one of the German Baths his entire fortune, amounting to about eight hundred thousand francs! He had lost, successively, his park, *chateau*, city mansion, and country house, and there remained to the unfortunate gamester, out of all his estates, only a single spot of ground—a small orange plantation—which he had carefully excepted from his other stakes. The winner (for his antagonist throughout had been the same person) was an Englishman, phlegmatic and unsocial in appearance, but whose curiosity was aroused at the solicitude of the rash youth for the preservation of a dilapidated and seemingly useless house, containing a few boxes of orange trees.

"What are you going to do with this?" he asked; "let us play for it."

"Never!" replied the young man. "This orangery is a *souvenir*, a relic of my childhood. My mother has passed many hours there with me. I may die there;